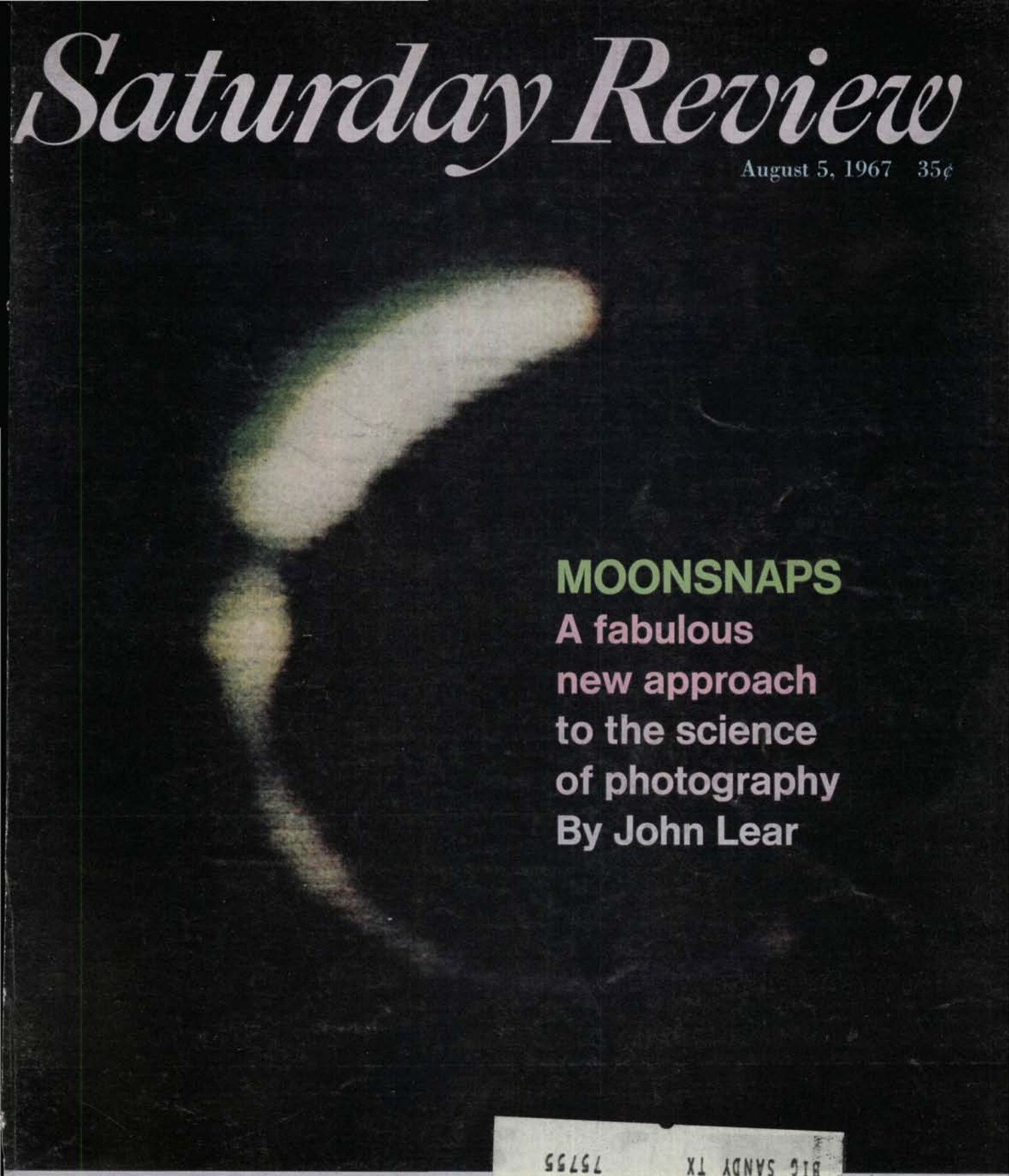
Saturday Review
August 5, 1967 35¢



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DO WE NEED SOCIAL OBSERVATORIES?

By Harold D. Lasswell

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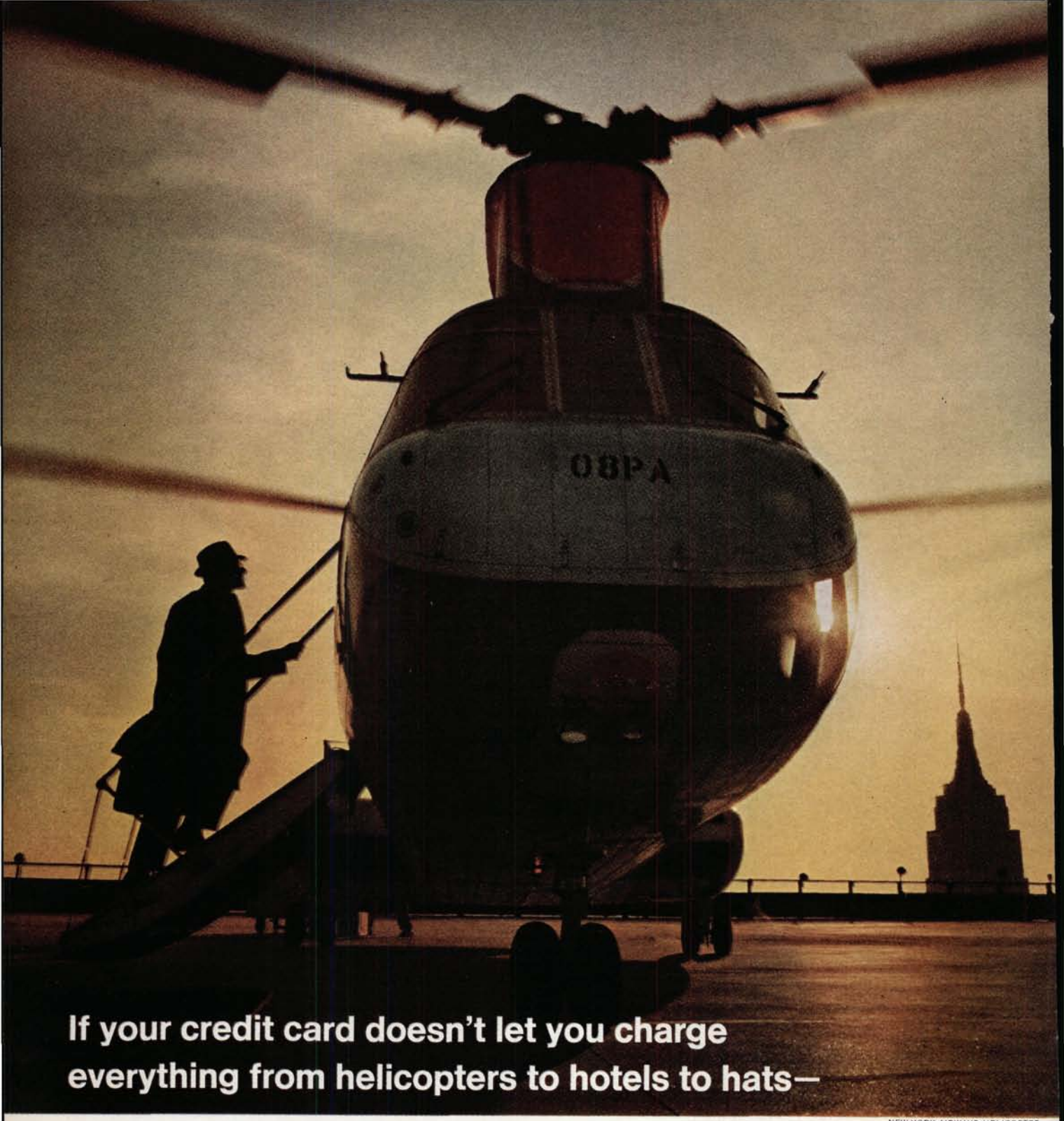

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Saturday Review

August 5, 1967

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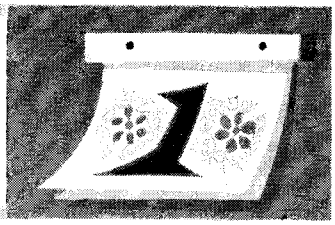
First of the Month



ON A CONVENTION trip to Atlanta, Georgia, last month, the mayor of Atlanta, a remarkably progressive gentleman named Ivan Allen, Jr., greeted our convention by asking us to observe "three properties," as he called them, "of our fair city." "First," he said, "I'll ask you to remember that if the talk gets around to sports, the greatest athlete who ever lived is an Atlanta boy named Robert Tyre Jones. Second," he said, "I'll ask you to remember that if the talk gets around to drink, the greatest drink which was ever drunk is an Atlanta drink named Coca-Cola. And third and by no means last," he concluded, "I'll ask you to remember that if the talk gets around to literature, the greatest novelist who ever lived was an Atlanta girl named Margaret Mitchell."

Fired by the mayor, we soon ducked out of our convention and repaired to the "Margaret Mitchell Room" of the Atlanta Library. But we found it sparse and souvenir-y, rather than a real memorial—and nothing else has been permitted. Some years ago an Atlanta businessman bought "Tara" and the other stage sets for the movie *Gone With the Wind*, but they still repose in a warehouse. "The last thing Margaret would have wanted," her brother Stephens Mitchell says, "would have been to be a tourist attraction."

The fact is you have to look hard, in Atlanta or anywhere else, to find the real story of this remarkable woman. You will find it best in a book by a friend of hers, a writer named Finis Farr. His book is called *Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta*—and we found, in an Atlanta bookstore, one copy left.

The Old South, we learned, was a part of her. At six, she had gone riding on her pony with an old Confederate veteran. "Frequently," she wrote, "we had several veterans in our cavalcade." But, as a young lady, she also knew the North. "I love Smith," she wrote home, "even though it's barbarous."

She was four feet, eleven inches tall. Even as a grown-up, she would take along to parties a copy of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. "It had exactly the right thickness," she said, "for a footstool." When she got her job on the Atlanta *Journal*, the editor sat her down at a desk. "I think," he said, "this table is too high for you." Replied Margaret, "So is the chair." For years, six days a week, she did every kind of reporting. When a chapter of the serial story for the Sunday magazine was lost, she wrote that too.

She wrote of the Twenties. Could a girl be virtuous and bob her hair? Could she have a home and a husband and a job too? Should she roll her stockings? Park her corsets? Be allowed a latch key? But she also wrote of other things. "If more people knew of the sad sights and the horrible things that go on in the world," she wrote, "there would be a darn sight less complacency and probably not so many of those sad sights and horrible things . . . one good whiff of the police station on a hot July day would do a lot for a lot of people."

Her first marriage, to a dangerously unstable man, was a disaster. After a few months he left her and never came back. "Margaret," Finis Farr writes, "kept a loaded pistol near her bed every night of her life until news came, years later, that he had been found dead on the ground below a hotel window in the Middle West." Her second marriage, to John Marsh, a former newspaperman with the Georgia Power Company, was a completely happy one. She gave up her newspaper career, but never her reading. One day in 1926, her husband brought her home a book from the Atlanta Library. It was the last—Margaret had read every book in the entire library. "It looks to me, Peggy," her husband told her, "if you're to have anything to read, you'll have to write a book yourself."

Margaret sat down and began. Already, in 1926—it was not published until 1936—she had her story completely in mind, so completely that she could work on any chapter anywhere in the book at any time. The last chapter, actually, she wrote first. "It gave her, she said, something to push toward."

For two long years she pushed. Then one day a young friend brought her a copy of Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*. "Listen to this," he said, and excitedly read to her out loud:

> This was his Georgia, this his share
> Of pine and river and sleepy air,
> Of summer thunder and winter rain
> That spills bright tears on the windowpane
> With the slight, fierce passion of
> young men's grief,
> Of the mockingbird and the mulberry-
> leaf . . .

Margaret jumped to her feet. "Don't read me any more of that!" she said.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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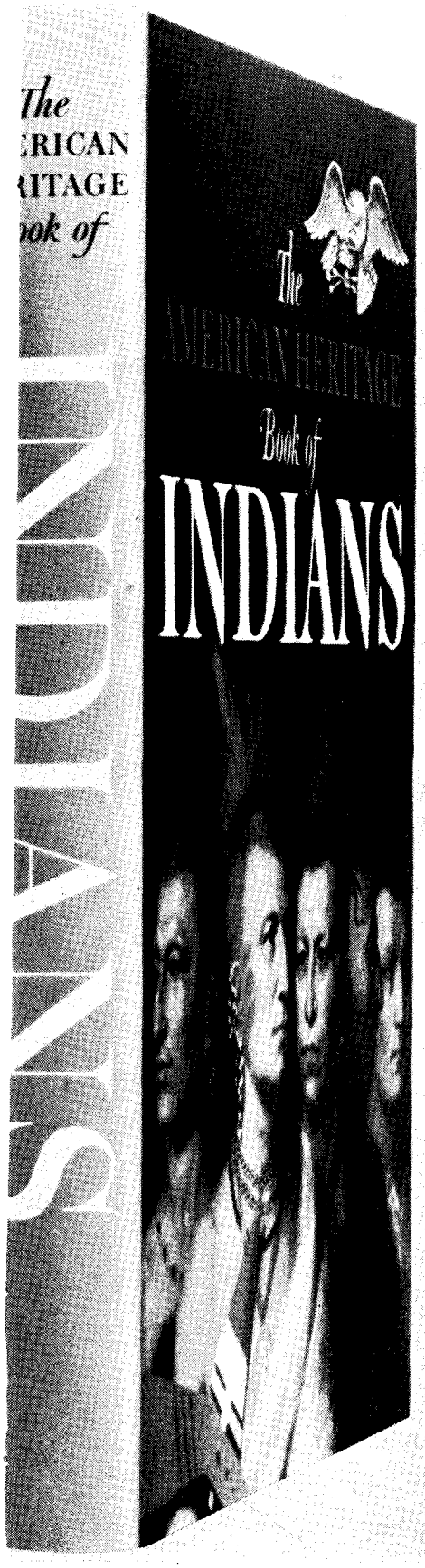

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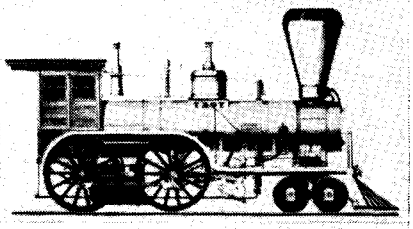

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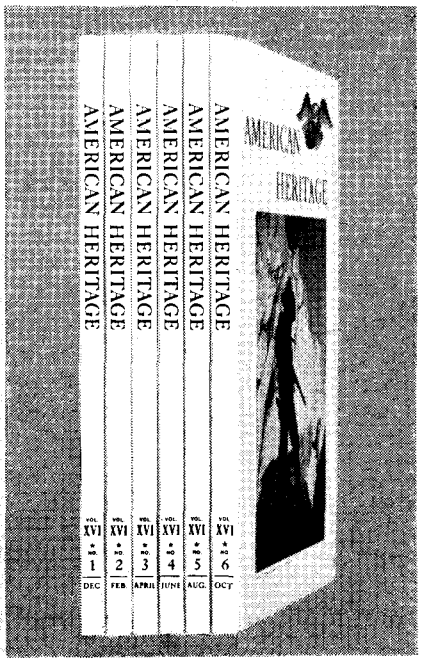
Shelburne Museum; Old LIFE Magazine; Irving S. Olds Collection; Old Print Shop



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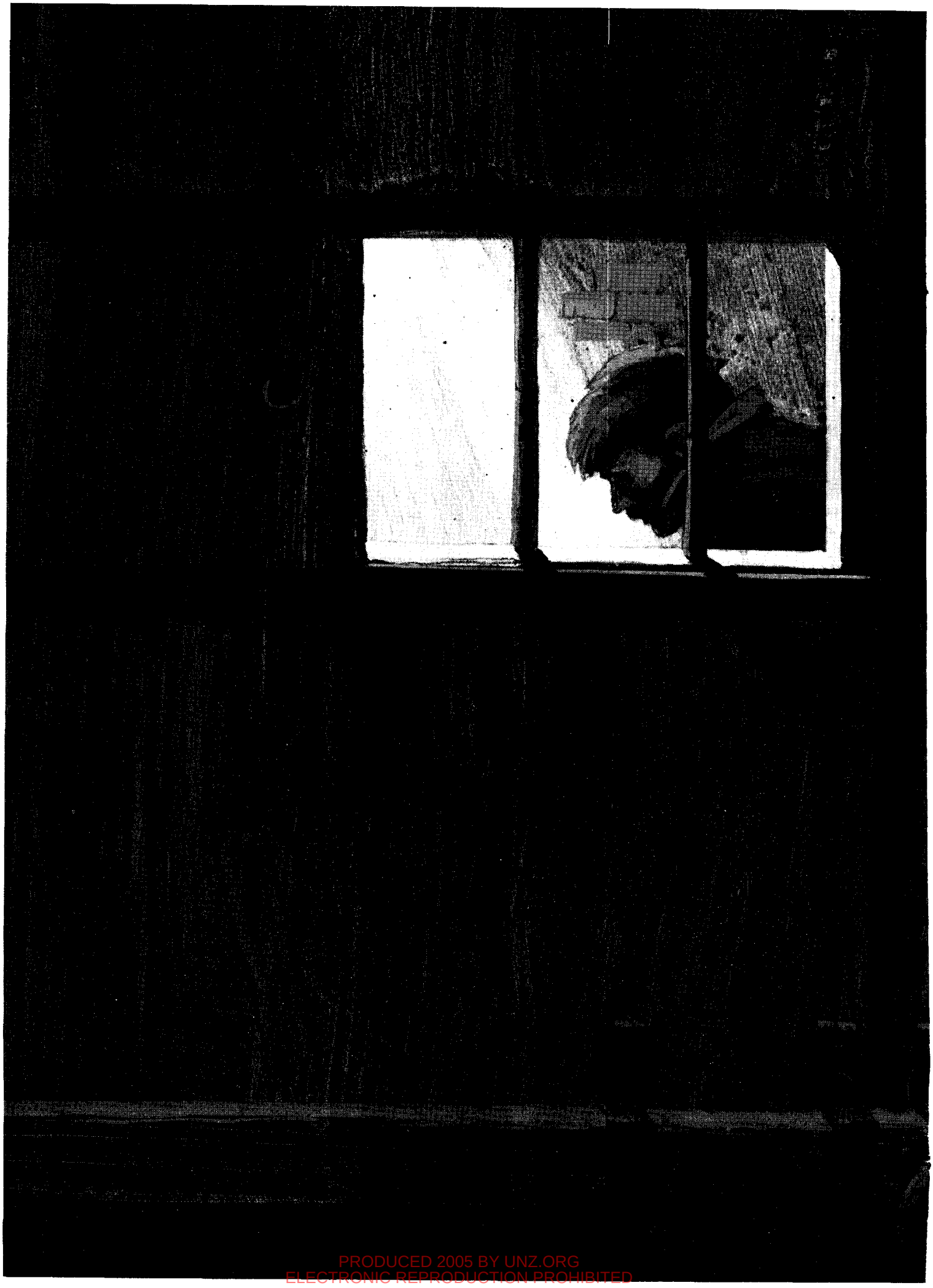

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The spy the Russians couldn't get to talk, talks.

In 1960 Greville Wynne traveled to Moscow as a businessman. In reality, he was an agent for British Intelligence. His mission: to contact Col. Oleg Penkovsky of the Soviet Military Intelligence and see if he wanted to help the West.

Wynne's mission was successful beyond anyone's wildest dreams. The information Penkovsky revealed changed the course of the cold war and helped President Kennedy in his crucial Cuban crisis decisions.

Though they were both caught and tried for spying, neither Wynne nor Penkovsky told the Soviets the true extent of their operation. Here, for the first time, is the story of one of history's most astounding cases of international espionage as told by Wynne himself.

You'll find Wynne's story, *Contact on Gorki Street,* condensed from the forthcoming book, *The Man From Moscow,* in the August Reader's Digest. In the same issue are a host of articles and features designed to inform you, entertain you, challenge you.

For example:

1. Eisenhower's plan to halt crime. The former President speaks his mind on the alarming increase in crime. He explores the connection between riots and protest demonstrations, and discusses the basic cause of America's growing lawlessness. The article is entitled *We Should Be Ashamed* and you'll find in it a challenging new idea that could reverse a dangerous trend.

2. Who wins a strike? Are the consequences of a prolonged strike ever worth the enormous economic waste? Does anyone really win? Enlightened unions and management are now proving that strikes can be eliminated. The new techniques set forth in this article describe a new approach which Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz calls "creative bargaining."

3. Japan's quiet war against Mao. In a bold effort to create a new Asia, the Japanese are using the resources of their free and flourishing economy. Throughout Asia they are helping to build economic and political stability. Here is a picture of progress—in Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, Korea, Formosa and the Philippines.

4. TV news—the unreal world. The camera can make a few excited people into a mob, and completely ignore a quiet majority. Why do newscasters exaggerate events and distort the "news"? And what should be the true job of TV newsmen? A provocative article condensed from *Horizon.* It will give you a better view of the picture on your screen.

5. How much space does a man need? Scientists have found that overcrowding, especially in cities, can lead to delinquency, sexual deviations and even physical illness. This perceptive article tells how a traffic jam or a crowded beach can affect your own well-being. Included are 5 steps the average person can take to help make our cities more livable.

6. Making habits work for you. Many of us waste our creative energies, limit our chances for success, simply because of poor habits. What are the right habits—the ones that can lead to success? An eminent psychologist lists them, and gives 4 rules for acquiring them.

7. The teacher gap—how to close it. The United States is facing a critical shortage of schoolteachers. Among the reasons: rigid and outmoded requirements that bar qualified individuals. Here is an informed assessment of what can be done to reverse the trend and put new life in the teaching profession.

Also in the August issue:

Tyranny in the Internal Revenue Service
Seven Tips on Insuring Your Home
What Every Juror Should Know
Britain's Bonanza at the Bottom of the Sea
Home, Sweet Electronic Home

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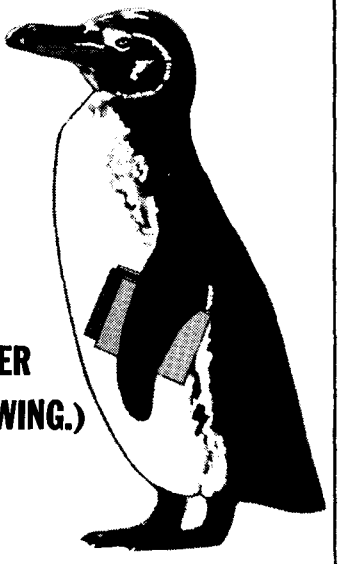

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Continued from page 2

"Please, I mean it." Nine years later, she explained—in a letter to Mr. Benét:

> The reason was that you had caught so clearly, so vividly, and so simply everything in the world that I was sweating to catch, and had done it in a way I could never hope to do and with a heartbreaking beauty. And, just listening to it made me realize my own inadequacies so much that I knew if I heard any more, I wouldn't be able to write.

She worked on her book for seven years. Chapters went into envelopes and envelopes went on shelves, in closets, even under the sofa. Then she bogged down. She had not worked on her book for months when, one day in 1935, Harold Latham, a Macmillan editor, came to town looking for new writers. He was advised to see Miss Mitchell. No, Miss Mitchell told him, she had nothing worth showing him. But she would, she said, be happy to round up some of her friends who had manuscripts and take them to a tea to meet him. And, on the way back, when she was driving them home, a lady novelist asked her why she hadn't shown her book. Because, replied Margaret directly, it was so "lousy" she was ashamed of it. "Well," replied the woman, "I daresay. Really, I wouldn't take you for the type who would write a successful book. You don't take life seriously enough to be a novelist."

That did it. When Margaret got home, she gathered up all the envelopes she could find, in such a hurry that she completely forgot, she later admitted, "the ones in the pot-and-pan closet," and took them down to Mr. Latham's hotel. He was already on his way down in the elevator—to leave for his train. "Here," she said, "take the thing before I change my mind."

The book still had no first chapter and no title. *Another Day* was tried. Then *Just Another Day*. Then *None So Blind*. Then *Not in Our Stars*. Then *Bugles Sang True*. Margaret herself found the title from Ernest Dowson's line beginning, "I have forgot much, Cynara!" Margaret's heroine was Pansy O'Hara. She became Storm, and Robin and Kells and finally Angel before, one day, Margaret telegraphed, "How about Scarlett?"

No book in the history of printing ever sold at so rapid a rate. One salesman took, from a single New York store, a single order for 50,000 copies. And, contrary to what is the prevalent belief in literary circles today, the reviews were hardly less extravagant than the sales. "You start that book," wrote F.P.A., "and the first thing you know it is the day after tomorrow." "The story," said Henry Steele Commager, "told with such sincerity and passion, illuminated by such understanding, woven of the stuff of history and of disciplined imagination, is endlessly interesting." Edward Granbury in the New York *Sun* found it in many ways superior to *War and Peace*.

Margaret herself distrusted what she called "fine writing." And, she also said, "The novelist who consciously ventures into the realm of psychiatry does so at her peril, and generally to the detriment of story and character." The review that pleased her most was the very first one, which Columbia's Charles W. Everett, advisor to the Macmillan Company, sent to them about the book's "human qualities," "literary finish," and "tempo." This letter was sent to Margaret, and, when her last proof was corrected, like the polite girl she was, she wrote Professor Everett her first thank-you letter:

> In particular was I charmed by your remark about my "tempo." I'm sure you've forgotten the remark but you said I had it and I was completely dumbfounded as I was no more conscious of having tempo than I was of having a gall bladder. I nursed your remark to me in silence until one day when my husband was reading the manuscript which had just been returned. My husband, I should add, used to teach English at the University of Kentucky and has a reverence for the English language which I do not share. He was reading along and suddenly rushed out onto the porch with a double handful of dangling participial clauses and dubious subjunctives, crying, "In the name of God, what are these?" I said with as much dignity as I could muster that they were my tempo and let no dog bark. From then on, I heard about my tempo from all members of the family, including the cook. When she made her first, and only, failure on a lemon pie and I asked her what had happened she said gloomily that she guessed something had gone wrong with her tempo.

On August 11, 1949, Margaret and her husband crossed Peachtree Street on their way to a British picture at the Arts Theater. They were halfway across when an off-duty taxicab—one driven by a man who had twenty-eight traffic court violations and the very next day was to become involved in another accident—careened toward them. John sprang forward, urging Margaret with him. But, always timid, she hung back, slipped from his grasp, and the cab struck. She lived five days but never regained consciousness.

This fall *Gone With the Wind* will, for the sixth time, be reissued by MGM, which now plans to reissue it every seven years. And once more the premiere will be in Atlanta. But, this time, the celebration will have to go on without Leslie Howard or Thomas Mitchell, and without Clark Gable or Vivien Leigh. And, above all, without Miss Margaret.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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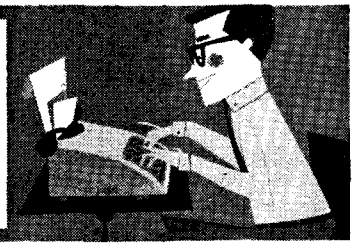
Top of My Head



Peace Is Hell

WHEN I HEAR about some flagrant violation of human rights in a far-flung place on the globe I react violently as any free, red-blooded American does. I get filled with righteous indignation. I get stirred. I get—I get nervous is what I get.

When I read that former Congolese Premier Moise Tshombe was highjacked on a plane and taken to Algeria, I remember saying to anybody who would listen, "Is this any way to run an airline? Why didn't he fly United, through one of those friendly skies they own?"

But when the Jerusalem story first broke, I got so nervous I phoned a friend of mine in Oklahoma City who has contact with a high government official in Israel. My friend had worked diligently for Israel when it began developing into a country. Well—he had bought two young trees to be planted in Tel Aviv is what he did.

He put me in touch with this official in Israel by giving me his phone number. I called him and I said:

"I'm getting pretty nervous about what's happening in Jerusalem. Don't you think you fellows are unreasonable to hold on to Jerusalem just because of the war?"

"What war?" he asked. "There's no war in Jerusalem."

"Yes, I know. But the United Nations wants to establish peace there."

"That's what we have—peace. It's very peaceful here. The Arabs and the Jews are mingling. Life is beautiful."

"Yes, but you're not supposed to make life beautiful unilaterally. The U.N. has to make peace there."

"The U.N. has to make something we got already? Everybody is happy in Jerusalem."

"Yes, I know, but the Russians are very unhappy about it."

"We don't have any Russians. We have only Christians and Moslems and Jews. No Russians."

"I know the Russians aren't there. They're here at the U.N. And they're making a lot of trouble."

"Oh that's too bad. Do you want us to help you get peace there? Is that why you called me? Tell you what—we'll send over Moshe Dayan and in five days your troubles will be over."

"No, no! Don't send anybody. Not him especially. All the U.N. wants is for Jerusalem to be a free city."

"Free? That's what it is now. It's never been freer. You should see it."

"I know. But the U.N. . . ."

"All the holy places of all the religions are free and open for everybody. It's wonderful here."

"But the U.N. is the citadel of peace. And the Russians in the U.N. . . ."

"Russians? You mean the people that sold those war machines to the Arabs?"

"Yes, the Russians."

"What now? They want back their war machines we captured? O.K. We'll send them back—free. Of course there will be a small charge for handling and mailing."

"They don't want the war machines back. They want Jerusalem back as it was before the war."

"Before? You mean they want us to tear down all the health stations we put up for mothers and children?"

"No, that isn't what they . . ."

"And the schools we just opened up?"

"No, but the U.N. must establish those health stations and schools."

"So all right. Let the U.N. say they did it. We're just working for peace and enjoying it. Moslems and Jews and Christians mingling, every religion allowed to pray in its own way. This is peace."

"All your peace talk is making me nervous. I know you're anxious for peace, but you're ahead of yourself. The U.N. will establish peace for you in due time. The world must learn to live and work together for peace, to interchange ideas and cultures. We can make beautiful music together if we live in harmony."

"Music? Didn't you read in the papers that we had Bernstein here? Your Leonard Bernstein. He gave a symphony concert on Mount Scopus. It was a happening on the mount. Like you have happenings in your Central Park. Who ever thought Bernstein would be playing here in the year 5727!"

"My dear fellow—5727! The year at the U.N. is 1967. You're ahead of yourself again."

"We're not ahead. The U.N. is behind, I would say, about forty centuries."

"Well, now I'm more nervous than ever. I'll have to hang up. Shalom."

"And shalom to you at the U.N."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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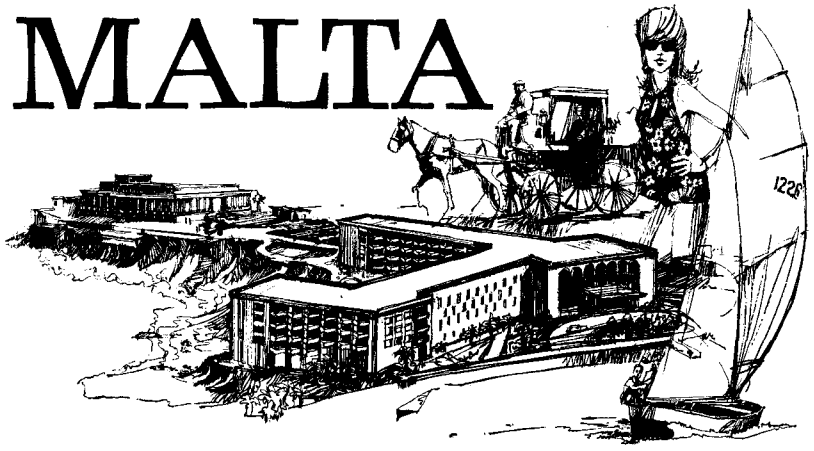

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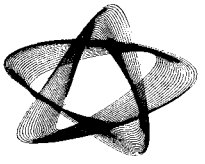
the Religious Situation



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BOOKS

Nonfiction

A MODERN PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS OUTDATED CHURCH, Father James Kavanaugh. Trident. $4.95; **THE NEW NUNS,** edited by Sister M. Charles Borromeo, C.S.C., New American Library. $4.95 (*SR,* July 29)—Tough-minded, competent, and earnest, the new order speaks out for meaningful reforms in the Church here and now.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY: AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE RISE OF MODERN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT, edited by William Robert Miller. Delacorte. $6.95 (*SR,* July 22)—An excellent selection of source material traces, from Blake to Altizer, the deathless theme of the death of God.

THE JEWS AMONG THE NATIONS, Erich Kahler. Frederick Ungar. $4.75 (*SR,* July 22)—The Jews are neither a race, a religious group, nor a nation, states Dr. Kahler, but a transnational tribe; rounding out the picture, a dispute with Arab scholar Philip K. Hitti is included as an appendix.

THE QUICKSAND WAR: PRELUDE TO VIETNAM, Lucien Bodard. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95; **THE TWO VIETNAMS: A POLITICAL AND MILITARY ANALYSIS,** Bernard Fall. Praeger. $7.95; **VIETNAM: A DRAGON EMBATTLED,** Joseph Buttinger. Praeger. Two vols., $18.50; **VIETNAM AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: AN ANALYSIS OF THE LEGALITY OF THE U.S. MILITARY INVOLVEMENT,** edited by Richard A. Falk. O'Hare. Hardbound, $3.75, paperback, $2; **THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM,** George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis. Dial. $5.95; **RESPONSIBILITY AND RESPONSE,** General Maxwell D. Taylor. Harper & Row. $3.50; **BEHIND THE LINES —HANOI: DECEMBER 23, 1966-JANUARY 7, 1967,** Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. $4.95 (*SR,* July 1)—A bookshelf of readings by scholars, lawmen, journalists, and the military provides a comprehensive view of the strife in Southeast Asia.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE: CHAOS OR COMMUNITY?, Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $4.95 (*SR,* July 8)—Displacing the concept of "Black Power," Dr. King charts a course of thought and action that pleads eloquently for collaboration between Negroes and whites.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. New Directions. $8.50 (*SR,* July 22)—Prose as exuberant and wildly inventive as Thomas's poetry weaves through the most original letters penned since those of Byron and Keats.

SEX AND SOCIETY IN SWEDEN, Birgitta Linnér with Richard J. Litell. Pantheon. $5.95 (*SR,* July 29)—Presents a realistic and clear report on a nation seeking to eradicate the double standard.

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN, VOLUME II: 1934-1939, edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95 (*SR,* July 22)—The second serving from the author's caloric, 15,000-page self-dialogue finds her in a houseboat on the Seine.

JOURNEYS ACROSS THE PAMPAS AND AMONG THE ANDES, Francis Bond Head; **NEW GRANADA: TWENTY MONTHS IN THE ANDES,** Isaac F. Holton. Both edited by C. Harvey Gardiner. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $7.50 each (*SR,* July 15)—In these reprinted travel classics, two Argus-eyed trippers vividly recreate life in nineteenth-century Argentina, Chile, and Colombia.

ILL-AT-EASE IN COMPTON, Richard M. Elman. Pantheon. $5.95 (*SR,* July 8)—A close-up of a Los Angeles suburb reveals the dreary atmosphere and bigoted attitudes prevalent in lower-middle-class communities.

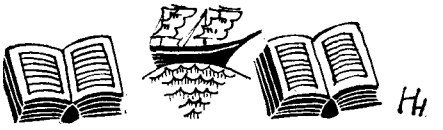
Fiction

REPORT FROM THE RED WINDMILL, Hiram Haydn. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95 (*SR,* July 15)—Human blood and machine oil flow freely in a technology-age vision of Armageddon, with God and Satan back on the ticket.

SNOW WHITE, Donald Barthelme. Atheneum. $4.50 (*SR,* July 1)—For jigsaw-puzzle lovers, this surrealistic composite includes a maculate maiden, a palinode-writing Prince, seven neurotics, and a martini-swigging stepmother.

THE SCAPEGOAT, August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish by Arvid Paulson. Eriksson. $4.50 (*SR,* July 29)—A superb psychological novel by a master dramatist pierces the ambiguous behavior of an unsavory cast revolving around a small-time modern Christ.

END OF THE GAME AND OTHER STORIES, Julio Cortázar. Translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn. Pantheon. $5.95 (*SR,* July 22)—Metaphysical whimsies and sudden surprises mark these early stories from the talented author of *Hopscotch.*



FERDYDURKE, Witold Gombrowicz. Translated from the Polish by Eric Mosbacher; **PORNOGRAFIA,** Witold Gombrowicz. Translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton. Grove. $5 each (*SR,* July 15)—"To be a man means never to be one's self," affirms a renowned Polish writer, who stresses the need for liberation from the mask imposed by society.

AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY, Gwyn Griffin. Putnam. $6.95 (*SR,* July 29)—A high-tension tale of murder at sea during World War II questions the rules when the fight means life or death.

EREV, Elya Schechtman. Translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer. Crown. $4.50 (*SR,* July 8)—A Yiddish novel published in the Soviet Union portrays a Hebrew clan reminiscent of the Karamazovs.

WIDE SARGASSO SEA, Jean Rhys. Norton. $4.50 (*SR,* July 1)—Sympathy for the underdog led to speculation on the pre-attic days of *Jane Eyre*'s mad Mrs. Rochester, whom we meet here as an unbalanced Creole in Jamaica.

GALAHAD AND I THOUGHT OF DAISY, Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50. Reissue (*SR,* July 1)—A long short story and a first novel deal respectively with the effects of Victorian morality and with Bohemianism in the Twenties.

GETTING STRAIGHT, Ken Kolb. Chilton. $4.95 (*SR,* July 8)—Afflicted with disorder, confusion, and post-adolescent rebellion, a

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young nonhero stumbles towards socio-occupational adjustment.

ART

Exhibitions

300 YEARS OF CANADIAN ART, at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. The largest exhibition of Canadian art ever assembled consists of 378 works of painting, sculpture, graphic and decorative arts.

SEVEN DECADES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. A selection of 125 paintings chosen from the best of the museum's permanent collection surveys outstanding works from the present century.

GILBERT STUART, at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. The first major showing of America's important early portrait painter, the exhibition includes fifty-four likenesses of public and private figures. The exhibit will later be seen in Providence, Rhode Island, and Philadelphia.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

ANSEL ADAMS: THE ELOQUENT LIGHT, Boston Museum of Fine Arts. An appropriately high-wide-and-handsome retrospective spans the life work of a master photographer and dedicated conservationist: sweeping interpretations of the West Coast landscape; portraits; architectural studies; "extractions" of form and texture.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL STRAND, Worcester (Massachusetts) Art Museum. Part of the museum's summer tribute to twentieth-century art, this one-man show spotlights an artist-craftsman of classic proportion and tradition. (Until Sept. 5.)

Books

PORTRAIT OF AN AGE, photographs by Erich Salomon; edited (with biographical notes) by Peter Hunter-Salomon. (Macmillan, $14.95.) A long-overdue gallery of historic photographs by the man whose "candid camera" (the term was actually coined to describe his work) tracked the political and social scene between the two World Wars.

PRIDE'S PROGRESS, photographs and text by Emmy Haas. (Harper & Row, $5.95.) Lion-watching through the lens has never been as captivating as this—a visual chronicle that merits a lion's share of praise for its perceptive and persevering camerawork.

MOVIES

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT (*SR,* July 8)—Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger provide the tension in this racial thriller set in a small Southern town.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE (*SR,* July 1)—This sensitive adaptation of Bel Kaufman's heart-warming best seller represented the United States at the recently concluded Moscow Film Festival.

THE WITNESSES (*SR,* July 22)—Films shot by the Nazis, still photos, and testimonies by survivors present a shattering document on the agony of the Warsaw ghetto.

Also: DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE; THE FAMILY WAY; THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS; TAMING OF THE SHREW; BLOW-UP; ACCIDENT; PERSONA.

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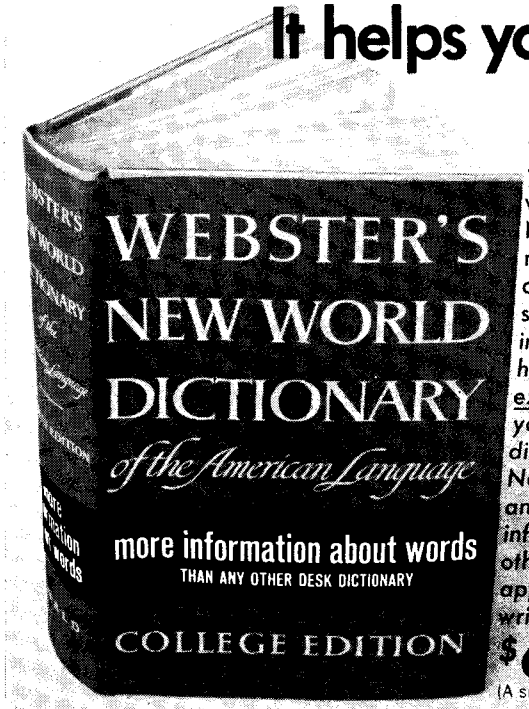

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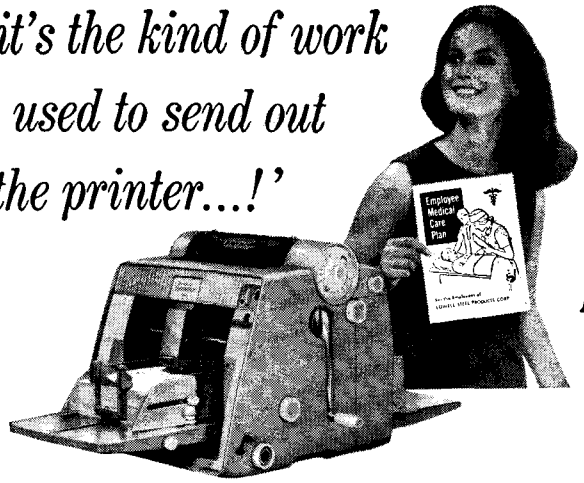

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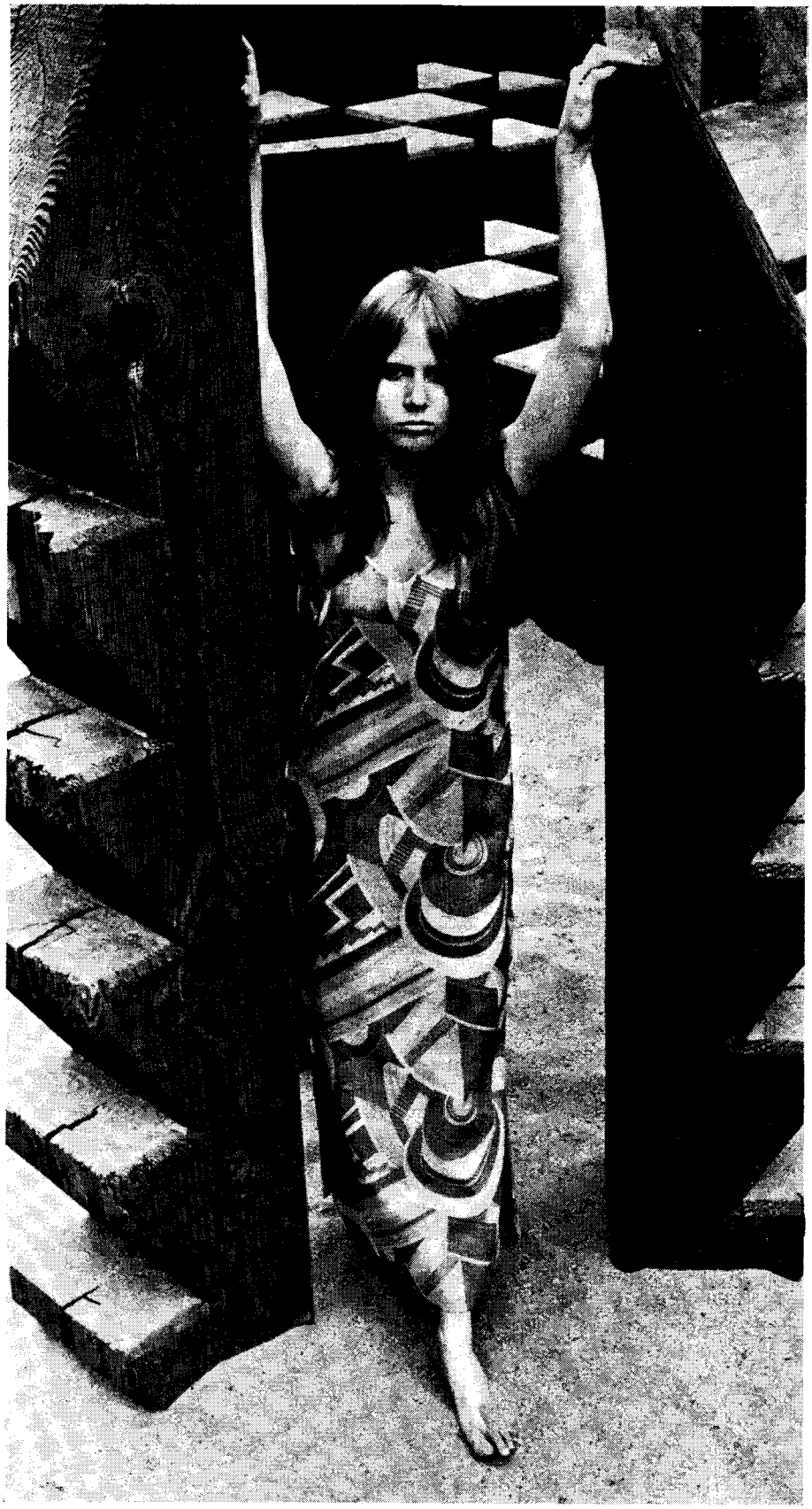

A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

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The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the **L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

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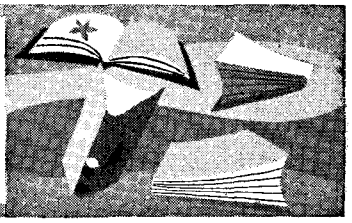
Trade Winds



On his recent writing jaunt to Borneo, Ben Lucien Burman (of *Catfish Bend* fame) and his wife were at someone's home for dinner. The host said, "I want to introduce you to our Susie." Ben's smile faded when Susie turned out to be an orangutan. Susie shook Ben's hand and then embraced him. The big red creatures, protected in Borneo, are quite friendly and become not only household pets but members of the family. On one occasion when Alice Burman stumbled, Susie rushed over to lend her a hand going up some steps.

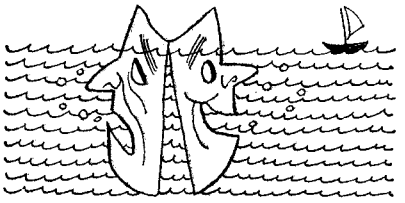
One reason families can't keep orangutans is that they get jealous; a female will be jealous of the woman in the household or a male of the husband. After a year or two this leads to a marital crisis, and the orangutans have to go. It also leads to a situation where the creature, accustomed to the comforts of civilization—breakfast in bed and that sort of thing—cannot cope with jungle life. The government, therefore, has built a sort of repatriation center on the edge of the jungle where the orangutans live and are cared for by attendants who gradually get them ready for the change, making it clear to them that things are going to be different back in the bush.

When the animal thinks it's ready, it moves into the jungle to try and make a go of it. There are terribly sad farewells, of course. Sometimes the orangutan just can't fit into jungle life; it backslides and sneaks back into the repatriation center, where it takes the course again and then tries the jungle once more.

"Midwest Authors, Come Home!" cries The Henry Regnery Company in a recent advertisement in *Panorama,* the magazine of the Chicago *Daily News.* "Why put up with the cold, impersonal soft-shoe act too many hopeful authors seem to get from the great big publishing houses out East?"

Regnery says that if authors want "attention, action, and excitement" they should come to Chicago, where things are happening, concluding, "New York is a nice place to visit, but who'd want to publish there?"

"The modern drama is like an iceberg, about seven-eighths of it submerged," I am told by Robert Hogan, author, playwright, and associate professor of English at the University of California at Davis. "A play is in limbo, unless it gets a commercial production in New York, London, Paris, or Berlin. Only then does it make it into the pan-



theon of modern letters; only then do professors anthologize it, and little theaters produce it."

Hogan says that he was always surprised by the number of excellent and totally unknown scripts that were floating about in this limbo, written by distinguished writers who were unable to get these plays on stage or in print. Hogan's answer to what he considers a bad situation is Proscenium Press, his one-man firm which publishes these fine scripts that so far haven't seen the light of day. He has two groups: The Lost Play Series and The Short Play Series. The Lost Play Series started off with *The Iron Cross,* a tragedy about World War I by Elmer Rice that has never been published before. There is also a Paul Vincent Carroll script, *Farewell to Greatness,* in that series. The Short Play Series includes some Brendan Behan works that haven't been in print before.

I haven't been able to think of a term for what was started here by the editor's editor, Guy Henle of *House Beautiful,* and the entries keep rolling in. Jonathan Glixon submits a beauty that he found on the jacket of a recording of the Barber Violin Concerto: "Louis Kaufman, whom the *New York Times* has called 'a violinist's violinist and a musician's musician,' holds a unique position. . . ." Here are some others:

J. Garvin Mecking, "a collector's collector." *House Beautiful.*

Wes Ellis, Jr., golfer, "a pro's pro." White Plains (N.Y.) *Reporter-Dispatch.*

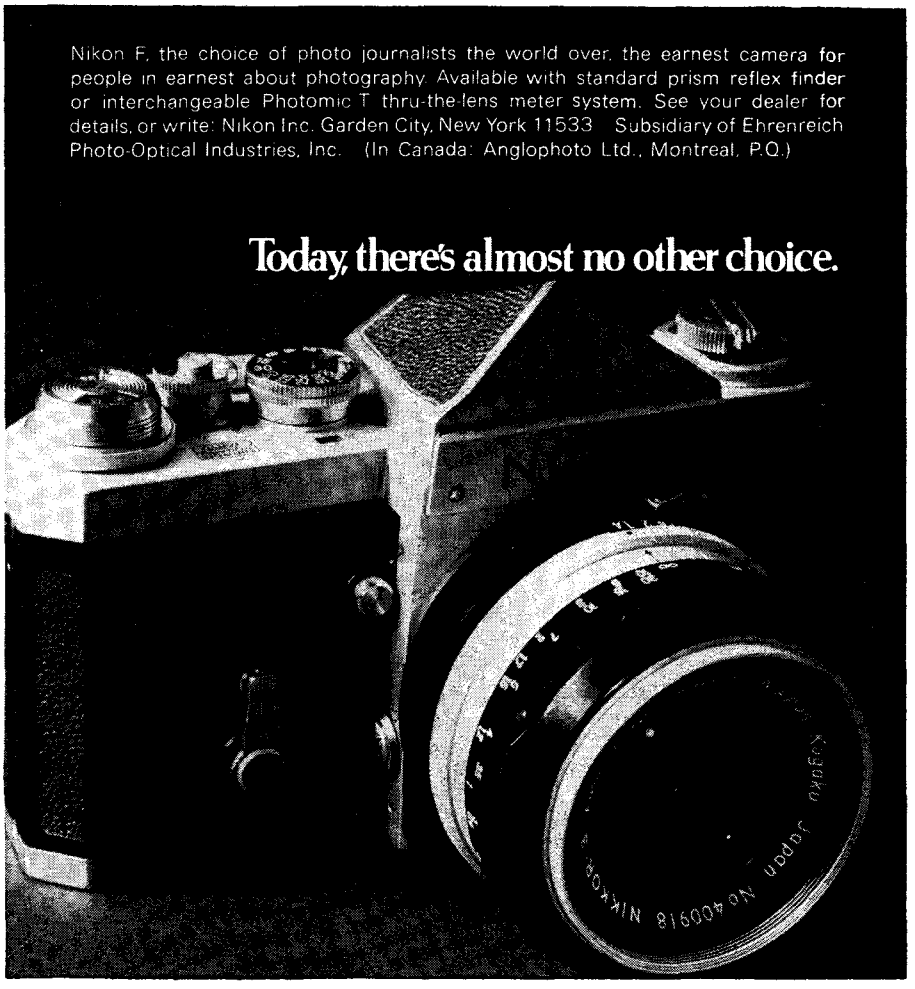
Gen. Lewis W. Walt, "the marine's marine." Cover of *Life.*

Phil Edwards, "the surfer's surfer." Harper & Row advertisement.

George Salter, typographer, "a designer's designer." *Publisher's Weekly.*

Tom C. Clark, "a judge's judge." Boston *Sunday Globe.*

Sharps and Flats: Donald Chaput tells me that when the Michigan Historical Commission hired five university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students on a part-time basis a while back, the state of Michigan was stumped as to what category to put them in. Finally the administration sent down word that the five would be classified as "Temporary-Permanent-Intermittent Employees."

► Postage-due fees paid by New York's Consolidated Edison Company amount to thousands of dollars a year, thanks to disgruntled customers who deliberately neglect to put a stamp on the return envelopes when they pay their bills.

► A sign in the window of a shop on New York's Sixth Avenue reads: HABLOMOS ESPANOL. "Evidently not too well," adds Rochelle Girson.

► There are said to be 440 cookbooks in print, and one wonders what could be next. But the forthcoming *Cooking for the Viet Cong*, replete with jungle-tested recipes, proves that there is always another good idea around the corner.

► Just in case anyone doubted where women stand, on one of the enrollment cards for the University of California (Berkeley), you circle No. 1 if you are male, and No. 2 if female. Reported by Lilyn E. Carlton (No. 2).

► Josh Billings said, "A woman will sometimes confess her sins, but I never knew one to confess her faults."

► The Nevada State Legislature defeated a bill that would have outlawed the prisoner-operated gambling casino in the state penitentiary. The final vote: 7 to 11.

► From Manila, Richard L. Deats tells of seeing the Our Lady of Perpetual Help Pawnshop, the Little Jesus Pharmacy, and The Immaculate Conception Maternity Hospital.

► Alfred D. Rosenblatt: "Show me a church architect at work and I'll show you a fellow with mental apses."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1738)

H(ARLOW) SHAPLEY:

THE VIEW FROM A (DISTANT) STAR

Optimistically, I forsee a civilization covering this planet, sufficiently unified and intelligent to forestall the annihilation of the human race. Thoughtful planning will be required, however, for thoughtless drifting would be lethal.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

ILL FARES THE LAND: Migrants and Migratory Labor in the United States. By Carey McWilliams. Barnes & Noble. $8.50. (Reissue.)

THE SPY IN THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE: And the Right to Privacy. By Edward Engberg. World. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

AND THE MOON WAS FULL. By Hugh McCutchson. Doubleday. $3.95.

DEADLY HONEYMOON. By Lawrence Block. Macmillan. $4.50.

THE DELTA FACTOR. By Mickey Spillane. Dutton. $3.95.

ENCOUNTER DARKNESS. By Stanton Forbes. Doubleday. $3.95.

MURDER IN CANTON. By Robert van Gulik. Scribners. $3.95.

A VERY QUIET PLACE. By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Current Affairs

JUSTICE IN THE BACK ROOM. By Selwyn Raab. World. $6.95.

THE LAWYERS. By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. $8.95.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE: WMCA and the Struggle for Equal Representation. By Calvin B.T. Lee. Scribners. $3.95.

PARLIAMENT OF A THOUSAND TRIBES: A Study of New Guinea. By Osmar White. Bobbs-Merrill. $8.

PASSING ON. By David Sudnow. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Fiction

THE COMMON PASTURE. By Hilary Masters. Macmillan. $4.95.

H.M.S. LEVIATHAN. By John Winton. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

IN DEEP. By Patricia Cooper. Delacorte. $4.50.

NEST IN A FALLING TREE. By Joy Cowley. Doubleday. $4.95.

SIEGE IN THE SUN. By Mary Paradise. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

TENTH GALAXY READER. Edited by Frederik Pohl. Doubleday. $4.50.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT: Chronicle of an Experiment. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $5.95. (Reissue.)

THE YEAR OF THE QUICKSAND. By Paul Mok. Trident. $5.95.

History

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR YEARS. By Paul Angle. Doubleday. $6.95.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS. By Robert Conot. Bantam. Paperback, 95¢.

Miscellany

DUBLIN: A Portrait. By V.S. Pritchett and Evelyn Hofer. Harper & Row. $15.

THE GENTLEWOMEN OF EVIL: An Anthology of Rare Supernatural Stories from the Pens of Victorian Ladies. Selected by Peter Haining. Taplinger. $4.50.

GRIM FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS. By Joel Wells. Macmillan. $3.95.

PORTRAITS FROM A SHOOTING GALLERY: Life Styles from the Drug Addict World. By Seymour Fiddle. Harper & Row. $7.50.

TALES FROM THE BAGEL LANCERS. By Gerry Blumenfeld. World. $3.50.

THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO BASEBALL. By Leonard Koppett. Dutton. $5.95.

WOMEN IN ACTION: Their Questions and Their Answers. By Roberta Roesch. John Day. $5.95.

Personal History

DIALOGUE WITH DEATH. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $5.95. (Reissue.)

STAUFFENBERG: The Architect of the Famous July 20th Conspiracy to Assassinate Hitler. By Joachim Kramarz. Macmillan. $5.95.

Poetry, Plays

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Peter Viereck. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.

THREE PLAYS AND A BALLET. By E.E. Cummings. October House. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.95.

Religion

THE GRAVE OF GOD. By Robert Adolfs, O.S.A. Harper & Row. $4.50.

KINGSHIP OF GOD. By Martin Buber. Harper & Row. $6.

SALT AND LIGHT: Talks and Writings on the Sermon on the Mount. By Eberhard Arnold. Plough. $4.75.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

"No more rain dance, okay?"

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Should American Films Be Subsidized?

Uplifting the artistic condition of our movie-making requires radical departure from present policy. A noted producer explains the problems and possible solutions.

By WILLIAM FADIMAN

THE CURRENT artistic state of the film in America has evoked a condemnatory chorus from many sources. Accusations of intellectual sterility, slavish devotion to formulas, lack of imagination, indifference to esthetic values, degrading capitulation to commercialism, blatant disregard of discriminating tastes, deliberate pandering to vulgarity, and emphasis on arbitrary violence are familiar pejoratives to our Hollywood producers. Moreover, the recent *réclame* and popularity of the imported film as a new standard of comparison and contrast have given all these indictments fresh fuel. In a recent issue of *The New York Times*, Bosley Crowther, the *Times*'s film critic, epitomized this viewpoint by stating flatly, "Experience has long since prepared us to accept the uncomfortable fact that the best work in motion pictures—the most intelligent, progressive, astute, and alert to what is happening to people—is being done abroad."

Czechoslovakia, Mexico, India, Japan, France, Italy, England, etc., are lauded as producing motion pictures which achieve the quality and distinction conspicuously missing from our home product. Film festivals from Montevideo to Monte Carlo continually honor their artistic excellence, the philosophic profundity, the comic or tragic inventiveness, the fluid (or static—sometimes it does not seem to matter which) photography, the simplicity (this appears to be highly coveted) of the narratives, the preeminence of the performers, the genius of the editing, the technical virtuosity, and, of course, the masked or naked symbolism of the style.

It is true that the foreign films *we see* are indeed frequently superior in many ways to American films. But it is essential to realize that we are seeing only a small percentage of the hundreds of films produced abroad, all methodically culled and chosen especially for American viewers. And that, furthermore, even these selections are by no means made solely on the basis of their putative artistic value, but also for their appeal to the *voyeurs* in our audiences who derive vicarious satisfaction from the sight of bedroom activities not permitted in American films. It is not to be summarily assumed from this observation that foreign art films (the majority of imported films fall into this category) are deliberately fashioned to attract the prurient American moviegoer. This would be a serious distortion of the truth. It remains important to know, however, that we are seeing only those foreign films which are exhibited for two small segments of our population, the *cognoscenti* and the concupiscent.

IT IS perhaps fortunate for those critics who bewail our cinematic lot that the majority of European and Asian run-of-the-mill motion pictures are not shown in the United States. For it is a lamentable fact that the average commercial film made in Europe or India or Japan or Mexico is as trite, mindless, vapid, and jejune as any of our own offerings in an identical or parallel genre. Nor is there any validity to the happy assumption that all overseas studios are populated by a talented assembly of Fellinis, Bergmans, Kurosawas, Godards, Resnais, Bunuels, Rays, Polanskis, Demys, Truffauts, Reiszes, and Antonionis. The American cinema has no stranglehold on mediocrity; Europe and Asia have their own creative shortcomings.

But it is not my purpose to advance cinematic chauvinism or to demonstrate that the attacks on the sorry artistic condition of the film in America are mere canards. On the contrary, they are true. Gregory Peck, acting chairman of the recently formed American Film Institute, has publicly deplored "our concern with excessive commercialism," and he is not alone in his censure. Mr. Crowther was right when he stated that the best work in motion pictures is being done abroad.

But why is this so?

Does the fault lie with our moviemakers? Are we really uninventive, unoriginal, untalented, and imitative; are we truly artistically inferior to our European competitors; are our technicians wanting in ingenuity; are we afraid to be enterprising and challenging; do our writers and producers and directors and performers lack the mastery we applaud so unstintingly in their European and Asian colleagues? The answer to all of these charges is, of course, no. There is no cinema magic which is uniquely foreign; our creators and craftsmen are fully as gifted as their foreign rivals. Granting that premise, why is our film fare bereft of so many of the values we extol in foreign motion pictures? It may be worthwhile to examine some of the reasons for this situation, reasons which turn out to be differences—differences which effectually prevent the American film from achieving the deserved supremacy of the foreign films we admire.

In the first place, the cost of produc-

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ing a film in many foreign countries is considerably lower than it would be in America. It has been proved again and again that the charges for a film production abroad compared to those for the identical film in the United States reveal a 10 to 15 per cent difference in favor of the outlander country.

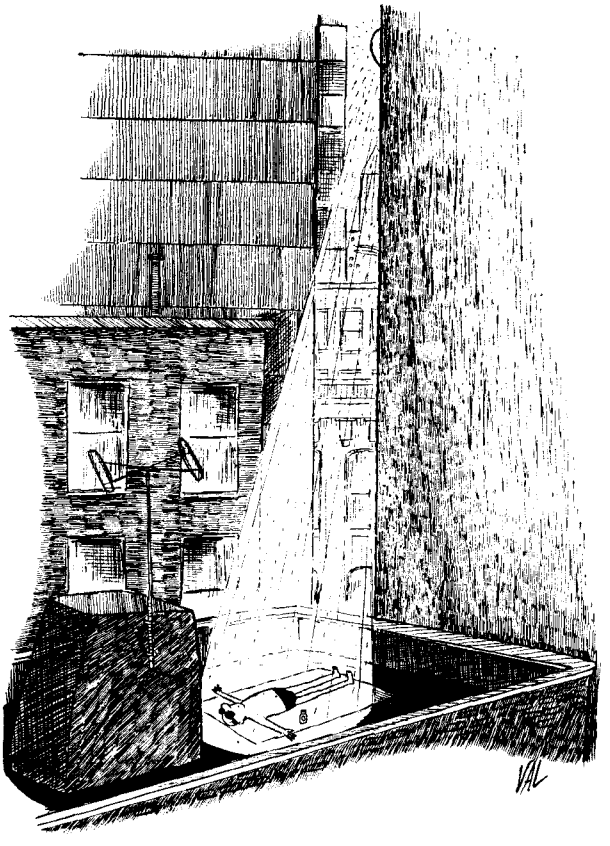
There are various explanations for this lower cost factor, some having to do with the price of the physical materials required, such as the raw stock. Another —and more substantial—is that of labor. Labor is cheaper outside of the United States. Unions exist, but their wage scale is less than ours, and in certain nations the film industry does not have to cope with unions at all, being granted exemptions or lowered rates.

As to stars' salaries, the gap is again in favor of the foreign producer. The extravagant sums paid to our leading players simply do not exist overseas, nor are there many duplications of the American system whereby performers share in the profits and even the grosses of their films. A few examples should suffice: Marlon Brando and Burt Lancaster both receive $750,000 plus a participation in the profits or gross receipts of their films; Elizabeth Taylor demands $1,000,000 in addition to a percentage of the film's revenue. Turning to Europe, one finds that the highest salary paid in Sweden to a performer of the first magnitude, Max von Sydow, is $10,000, whereas Mr. Sydow's remuneration for an American film is approximately $250,000.

Another economic variant is that the foreign film is planned to make its profit uniquely in the country of its origin. It is only the unusual foreign film that ventures beyond national borders. The converse is true of American motion pictures; more than 55 per cent of the earnings from American pictures comes from outside the United States. Few American films can anticipate a substantial profit from their domestic showings alone. In fact, almost all our films do well abroad, irrespective of merit or mediocrity. (Is it possible that the alleged twelve-year-old audience level of appreciation could exist in Dijon, Gothenburg, Sapporo, Perugia, and San Miguel Allende exactly as it purportedly does in Kokomo, Indiana?)

The foreign film that is exported to the United States usually finds its acceptance in art houses rather than in ordinary neighborhood theaters. For the foreign film this is a supplementary income from an unanticipated quarter, a sizable bonanza which American films do not enjoy in foreign lands where art houses are not found in any quantity. American films, on the other hand, are almost never produced for the limited exposure offered by art houses. From time to time, avant-garde cinema makers create a modicum of films destined solely for art house consumption; these are known as underground films and in almost all instances are purely experimental. They are invariably undercapitalized, attract a very small coterie patronage composed mainly of loyal cultists, and realize negligible amounts in revenue.

Censorship is another sphere which affects foreign and domestic films in quite different ways. Although we are completely free of government restrictions such as prevail in many foreign countries, these restrictions are rarely applied to sexual behavior, which still remains the one outstanding universal ingredient of screen entertainment. In addition, it must be said that the treatment of sexuality in foreign films is invariably on a more penetrating, forthright, sophisticated, and adult plane than can be found in the most progressive of our films, hobbled as they are by taboos. For the American film faces multiple censorship interdictions ranging from its own self-regulatory Motion Picture Association of America and the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures to literally hundreds of state, city, village, and hamlet prohibitions and proscriptions. Moreover, the American producer is continually harassed by powerful pressure groups and lobbies hampering and impeding any critical portrayals of various professions, industries, and minority groups. Consequently, we simply cannot present films with the same sexual or social freedom and candor that other nations sanction. The



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recently applied label for what our censor code calls adult pictures, "Recommended For Mature Audiences" (whatever that may mean), is a feeble attempt to solve this dilemma.

Television also exercises a critical and baleful influence on the American film, an influence which is barely existent in Europe and Asia thus far. For television wields a double-edged sword in the American film industry. Primarily it functions as a competitor for audience attention. Secondarily, however, a strange phenomenon has occurred in which television has suddenly become our ally and our support. For television now pays stupendous fees for the privilege of one or two screenings of a motion picture. Hence, very few pictures are made nowadays without serious consideration of their potential sales value to this medium. I do not wish to belabor the inanities of American television; but when films are conceived within the framework of this unholy alliance they necessarily become debased and degraded. Here again is a factor and a force that foreign films do not have to either consider or counter.

A final problem confronting Hollywood films is that of multiple controls or committee-created productions, a situation which does not apply to such a marked degree in foreign films. It has been said that distinguished foreign films invariably bear the stamp and the imprint of a single man, the director, and that this individual control is a decisive reason for their high esthetic content. This is substantially correct. Why can't this be true in America? For the answer we must turn reluctantly but ineluctably to the financial syndrome which dominates our film industry.

American film companies are publicly owned organizations, while most foreign films are either owned by one man or a private corporation. (There are exceptions, but these are not numerous.) This does not mean that foreign filmmakers are not interested in a profit; but it does mean that they do not have the responsibility and obligation to satisfy suspicious and cost-conscious stockholders. One-man supervision permits a wide latitude in the making and implementation of all decisions, whereas our motion picture companies are justifiably chary of allowing a single authority to arbitrarily dispose of millions of dollars. Once in a while a director of proven box-office competence is delegated such power. Historically, Chaplin and DeMille come to mind, and, contemporaneously, Wilder and Wyler and Stevens and Hitchcock and Huston, but even these men are not granted the freedom of operation which obtains in Europe, where the very term "film-maker" often encompasses director and producer and writer in one person.

It seems clear that although there are meaningful contrasts between foreign and domestic films in creative autonomy as well as the pressures exerted by television and censorship, the fundamental difference is that of economics, and that brings us squarely to the subject of subsidization. This is by far the most basic, most influential, and most potent cause of the superiority of the better foreign films. For foreign films are frequently partially subsidized by outright money grants to encourage indigenous production. France, England, Italy, Sweden, Spain, etc.—all maintain institutions whereby the producer receives a sum of money which enables him to finance his product with fewer fiscal problems. His risk is calculably and importantly diminished at the outset, unlike that of the American producer who receives no such donation or lagniappe. These subsidies either come from the government directly or from organizations of a semi-official nature.

IN France an annual fund is derived from the imposition of a fixed tax of a little less than a franc on every ticket sold at the box office. By utilizing a complicated disbursement pattern, each picture ultimately receives approximately 14 per cent of the producer's share of the income collected from this taxation process. Therefore, that producer with a box-office success will receive more money than the one whose picture has failed to attain audience approval. The sum is given to the producer as a credit to be applied to his next production, thus assuring him of a continuity of plans for his succeeding efforts. Similar financial assistance is also accorded to short subjects (money prizes are awarded to a maximum of fifty each year), thus encouraging an area of film apprenticeship which has become a successful proving ground for such cinematic luminaries as Jean-Luc Godard, François Truffaut, Alain Resnais, and Louis Malle, to name but a few. It is irrefutable that the New Wave of French productions could never have come into being without this financial sponsorship.

England, too, supports its national film-makers under the aegis of a procedure known as the Eady Plan. The Cinematograph Film Act of 1957 expressly provides for the proceeds of a theater ticket tax to be used in subsidizing British films. This levy is administered by the British Film Fund Agency, which divides the money among producers in relation to the box-office potency of their respective productions. This has averaged 40 per cent or more on earnings and has gone as high as 55 per cent. In 1966, for example, a total of $12,357,117 was disbursed.

Japan likewise has a national subsidization program in which modest amounts of money are donated to those producers who sponsor films specifically designed for the taste and enlightenment of the younger generation, i.e., experimental films devoid of formulas. A study is now being undertaken of additional grants of $5,556,000 for the industry in the form of an annual subsidy for three years.

Spanish films are underwritten with a grant of 15 per cent of the gross profits of national films, and the percentage occasionally goes as high as 30 per cent for films of outstanding excellence. The Film Aid Fund supervising these gifts also maintains a school for film trainees and dispenses annual awards to individual pictures ranging from 2,000,000 to 4,500,000 pesetas [$33,400 to $75,150] —sums which are often nearly equal to half the total cost of a Spanish film. There are also subsidies for directors who create films of "artistic interest."

Italy, too, offers assistance to its films. This aid amounts to 13 per cent of the gross earnings of a film in the first five years it is shown. The Italians also finance a production school, the Centro Sperimentale, and distribute annual awards of 40,000,000 lire [$64,000] each to films demonstrating "special or artistic qualifications." Lesser sums are awarded to meritorious short subjects.

Holland's film fare is financed in part by the Netherlands Production Fund, controlled jointly by the Holland Cinema League and the government. A producer may receive $30,000 to $100,000, depending on the viability of the production he envisages and his own capital. This is a loan to be repaid from his box-office receipts, but with no penalty if such receipts are not forthcoming.

Sweden furthers films via the Swedish Film Institute, which awards a series of cash bonuses to "good" pictures selected by a committee of educators, psychologists, film critics, and industry representatives. Of the money collected from a levy of 10 per cent of the box-office receipts from all pictures, one-third goes to the Swedish National Film School for experimental films and training of future film-makers, one-third to box-office winners in proportion to the number of tickets sold, and the last third to films which lost money but won recognition or awards for excellence.

OTHER countries which donate money to promote national film production include India and Denmark, the latter having donated 1,275,000 kroner [$184,720] for feature films and 225,000 kroner [$32,580] for short subjects in 1965. West Germany provides 4,000,000 marks [$1,000,000] annually in film subsidies supplemented by various Federal Film Prizes, and supports the Association For Young Film Makers. Iron Curtain countries such as Poland

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and Czechoslovakia likewise allot financial aid to films, principally to those which meet the demands for national propaganda, but also to pictures which are deemed to be cultural assets.

It is obvious that the intent of most of the subsidizations noted above is to foster film-making in general, whether commercial or artistic. It is patent, particularly in England and France, that such financial benefits accrue to the producer in direct proportion to his competence in pleasing mass audiences; but a welcome result of these dividends is that the truly creative foreign producer is thus enabled to gamble occasionally—and he does—on a film of quality (noncommercial) by virtue of having his investment partially protected. He has the privilege and opportunity of making a film, if not completely *con amore,* at least without total dependence on box-office returns for its and his survival.

From the foregoing, two conclusions may be reached: First, that many foreign films—especially those which cultivate the new and the progressive—are importantly aided by money grants, in addition to freedom from creative restraints; second, that the American motion picture industry cannot hope to exercise its full artistic resources and capabilities until it is independent of the necessity of catering to the lowest common denominator of audience acceptance for profitable returns. Putting it in other terms, foreign producers can strive for an artistically rewarding product without incurring a financial penalty if they fail; American films, quite obviously, cannot do so.

FILM-MAKING in America is a business. Even though the end product is sometimes an art product and hence permits the production of films to be labeled an art-industry, the critical noun in that hyphenated description remains the word "industry." Like all industries, it survives on its ability to please the majority of its customers—a majority whose judgment and discrimination are of a substantially low order. If we wish to cater to the minority of filmgoers seeking products of a high artistic order, we cannot do so without suffering gigantic losses.

In any case, it is apparent that the vitriolic attacks on the quality of American films as compared to foreign productions have been based on little understanding of the differing circumstances under which each product is engendered and no consideration of the substantial fact that financial aid to our foreign confreres may be a significant cause of the discrepancy. As this discrepancy becomes more evident the question is being asked more and more impatiently: What can we do about this?

It seems highly probable that subsidization of some kind may be one, if not the primary, answer. This possibility has been seriously advanced by many members of the film community. Carl Foreman, one of America's most renowned producers, recently stated in an interview in *Variety*, "We are faced today with serious competition. Film-making is improving in all other countries . . . each country helps by giving a subsidy or a grant because they are faced with the same problems that face Hollywood: 1) competition and 2) the high cost of production. . . . Our problem in the United States, creatively, is to play it safe." Arthur Mayer, an eminent motion picture historian and a veteran exhibitor, wrote in the *Producer's Journal*, "Worthy people constantly complain about the low intellectual and artistic standard of a large percentage of our motion pictures. Unless we adopt a system of film subsidies as practiced by European governments, this condition will continue to exist."

THE National Association of Theatre Owners, a powerful group of exhibitors, has established a special committee to investigate the feasibility of a film production subsidy. A formal and urgent recommendation by the Screen Actors Guild to all elements of the motion picture industry "to give immediate and sincere attention to the possibilities of establishing such a plan (subsidization) for American production within our geographical borders" has given the subject even greater currency.

The inauguration of the American Film Institute under the auspices of the National Foundation of the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965, with George Stevens, Jr., as its director, is the first institutional acknowledgment of America's delinquency in treating film as an art form. This is encouraging, to be sure, with its contemplated five-pronged program devoted to training, education, production, publications, and archival activities. Its operations, however, are limited to only three years, and its budget of $5,200,000, of which only $3,900,000 is currently available, is pathetically small for its grandiose aims. (The Ford Foundation gave United States symphony orchestras alone $85,000,000 in 1967.) Nor is the budget automatically renewable. It is a beginnig, but little more than that, and most important, it does not encompass either the permanency or the proven value of the outright subsidization formulas existing outside of the United States.

One may well question the broaching of the question of subsidization for an industry which is far from ailing financially. Why should America be

(*Continued on page* 44)

"What do you think, Professor? Is it a laser, a maser, a quasar, or just a little ray of hope for all mankind?"

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WHEN DYNAMITE RAINS FROM THE SKY

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

IN HAROLD NICOLSON'S superb diary of London in World War II, the second volume of which has just been released to an eager American public by Atheneum, the following passage appears after a description of a 1940 bomb blitz that came near to smashing and setting fire to the whole of that great city:

"Dear London! So vast and unexpectant, so ugly and so strong! You have been bruised and battered and all your clothes are tattered and in disarray. Yet we, who never knew that we loved you (who regarded you, in fact, like some old family servant, ministering to our comforts and amenities, and yet slightly incongruous and absurd), have suddenly felt the twinge of some fibre of identity, respect, and love. We know what is coming to you. And our eyes slip along your old untidy limbs, knowing that the leg may be gone tomorrow, and that tomorrow the arm may be severed. Yet through all this regret and dread pierces a slim, clean note of pride. 'London can take it.' I believe that what will win us this war is the immense central dynamo of British pride. The Germans have only assertiveness to put against it. That is transitory. Our pride is permanent, obscure, and dark. It has the nature of infinity."

Those of us who have lived, as Harold Nicolson did, in a metropolis under bombing know that the British statesman-writer is expressing a common human experience, for something happens to harden the city dweller whose city is being attacked from the vast, open sky. I'm not quite sure why it is so, but that it is so I am absolutely certain. Let me tell you, through the impoverishment of words, a little of what it was like in wartime London on the receiving end of one of 551 air raid alerts. I know the exact number because our New York *Herald Tribune* staff used to keep a piece of paper in one of the *Daily Telegraph*'s scarred and battered desks on Fleet Street and add small vertical checks (the fifth was always a diagonal through the other four) at the end of the long, long night. I say night because, working for a morning paper in New York, our London deadline was 6 a.m. for a midnight closing on 41st Street, and we saw precious little sunlight, even when the sun shone, which was mighty seldom that year and in that place. Let me tell you about one of the first of my 551 "experiences" to underline Nicolson's premise that civilian bombing simply toughens a people's morale and has little or no military value.

I was waiting at the Ministry of Information to be taken to my office when I was offered a lift. The driver said he had to go get someone else and I'd have to wait a few minutes. So I stayed in the tiny car, though the alert was on. It was a bright, star-filled night, a good English or Maine summer night. I even felt warm as I sat in the car, and the warmth made me sleepy. I guess I had almost fallen asleep when I heard the buzzing, low rumble that all of us, from babies and animals on up (or down) came automatically to identify as a V-I, or flying bomb. The sound was quite clear and it seemed to be growing. I must have started back to sleep despite the warning sound and my now acute sense of self-preservation. Suddenly I sat straight up in the car and began fumbling for the door. The sound that had stirred me before now began to frighten me with its volume and quality. This sound was beginning to go into an unfamiliar new high pitch. It is a sound no man can describe with words, since the words, while they may spell out the sounds, cannot become loud or soft on the printed page. Even if they could, I doubt if any words could mushroom to the height of this sound that I was hearing now, sitting there in a tiny auto in the heart of London.

I began to get out of the car and then I realized that the sound had stopped. For a fraction of a second I thought I was completely safe, and had beaten the sound by some magical move of my brain. Then I remembered the words: "Count five to fifteen after the motor stops," and I knew instinctively that the explosion was coming. I knew that it was coming quickly, too. I can remember today that the only thing I said to myself at that perilous moment was: "You damn fool, to have taken such a chance, to sit out there in the car."

It was not long before my legs were moving fast toward the open entry, a large double doorway into the Ministry of Information (University of London) that would normally be safe from blast. But I had not moved fast enough. I did not quite reach the open entry. With a noise that I hope I shall never hear again, and certainly I never imagined

"He followed me home. Can I keep him?"

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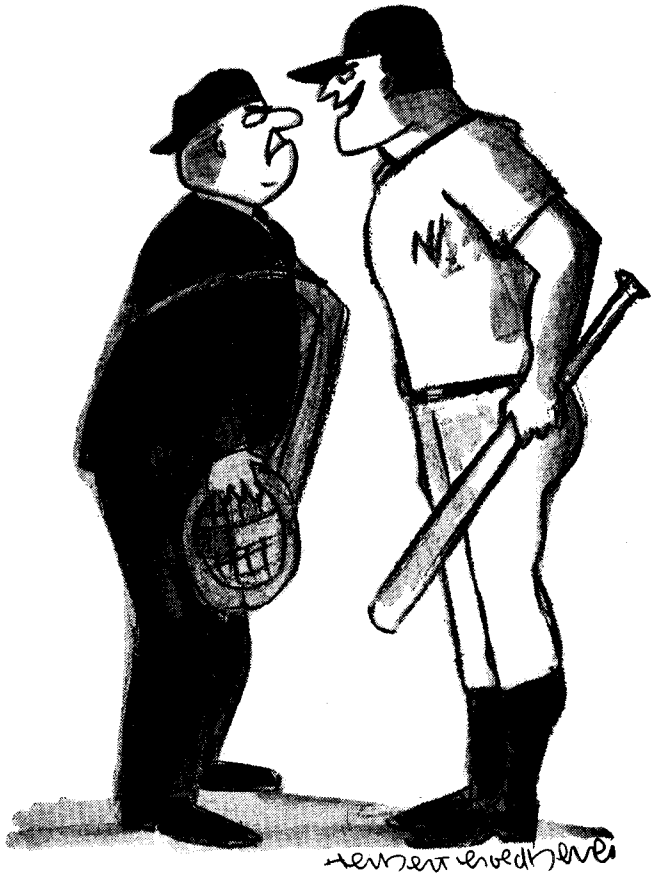
could come into the world (in spite of all the newspaper dispatches I'd written and read about explosions and bombings), something straight ahead of me began to disintegrate into tiny particles of noise. The explosion was a shaking and rushing of all the air in the world straight at me, and at no other human being. It was a combination of sound and fury that made me think at the moment of a cork on water, the cork having just as much control over its destiny as I had at that fraction of life. I was not in the driver's seat at all. Something big and boisterous was in the driver's seat, pushing me around.

I had been knocked off my feet and slammed against the wall of the heavy building. Glass tinkled and sparkled and crashed with the menacing sound of sharpness that goes with breaking glass. The rush of noise and wind, the force of the vacuum, or whatever it is in a blast that snaps you around and hurts your lungs and ears, were oppressive, and there was immediately a white dust in the air, as though all of the dust in England were afire and changed into white smoke that poured in through every opening. The lights went down with the jar and electrical crackles added to the terror of sound.

I just sat where I was, wondering what had been ripped and broken. I remembered a story in *Stars and Stripes* saying that when you were superficially hurt, it hurt right away, but when you were badly hurt you didn't feel it for a time. I guessed that I was either untouched or a serious casualty. I really don't think I thought about it much except to remember the sentence from *Stars and Stripes*. I remember trying to stand up in the cloud of white dust and hearing people running in the pitch blackness near me. I couldn't get properly to my feet, either because the dust was too thick to breathe normally, or because of the shock of the blast and the darkness, complete darkness, the kind of darkness one finds inside a closed barn on a moonless night.

There was shouting: "Where did it hit? That was a close one! Where's that torch?" There were other words and I don't remember very much except that I still wanted to get inside somewhere where I'd be safe from the blast that was coming, yet had already come. Past the large main double doors and into the now incredibly bright lights of the building, I seemed to be the only person going my way. I edged in and looked around, seeing the same people I had seen just before I had gone outside to sit in the car. I saw the doorman who was always there, and was still there, except that now he stood instead of sitting down, as I had always seen him before. The place was the same except for glass on the floors, and maps down from the walls. I appeared to myself to be the only person who had changed—to be, indeed, the only person who had gone through the blast at all. I wanted to tell these familiar people what they'd missed; and then I began to come around to normal. Fractured glass lay about an area 400 yards square, but there seemed not much other damage. The bomb somehow was now less formidable because it had not smashed anything completely. It had broken out every window in the neighborhood, and caved in many a wall, including one very close to our parked car. But it had not totally wrecked anything at all. What it had done to me was to make me thoroughly angry at "the Germans," whose name I had used scores of times in the dispatches and broadcasts, but up to now had had no real meaning for me. Now I was upset to the point of angry tears and I hated "the Germans" with a private feeling utterly foreign to me.

WHY should this have upset me so? I think my emotions had something to do with a personal relationship with the city of which I was now an integral part. Like Nicolson, though with a good deal less depth of sentiment since London was not my home town, I resented an indiscriminate aggression upon hearth and fireside, my home (if temporary), and my fellow citizens. Far from driving to despair, defeat, and surrender, the bombs that fell on me and my London friends, whether released by the tremble of a trigger finger or sent aloft via rockets (the V-Is and V-IIs by then constituted virtually all the bombing of London), made me and my fellow Londoners intensely angry. This was no longer the impersonal war of statistics I read of and wrote about for the headlines. It was now a war I was deeply involved in, individually a part of. The enemy was no longer a nation-name on the BBC or in my news copy and broadcasts back home, but a very real antagonist, and for the first time I had begun to hate him. I have never before or since hated like that. I hope I never do again. Yet if a Nazi bombardier had appeared then on the London street in front of me, I do believe I could have killed him with my bare hands, the most depressing thought a civilized man can admit. If that is what is happening to unlucky American pilots downed over North Vietnam I am deeply sorry for them and their families and at the same time I think I understand how human beings in the bombed cities of Southeast Asia feel about them. In any case, I know through personal ordeal why our sainted bombing policy is, in the end, a fruitless, perhaps even a disastrous one.



"You're beautiful when you're angry."

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Saturday Review

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Research and Re-sensitization

RECENTLY, at the Sesquicentennial ceremonies of the University of Michigan, a student put a troublesome question to a panel of experts examining the research role of the university.

"What would the position of the University of Michigan be if the United States Government asked it to undertake research in developing a super gas chamber for doing away with large numbers of people?"

A. Geoffrey Norman, vice president of the University of Michigan and chairman of the panel, replied that the university would decline a government grant for such research.

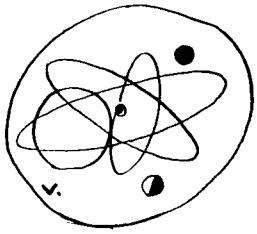
The student then asked whether the university made any distinction between research for developing super gas chambers and research for developing super disease germs for producing mass suffering, or super napalm for burning flesh.

James A. Webb, administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, a panel participant, said it was important to take into account the defensive significance of certain forms of bacteriological and chemical warfare. He said that research in creating certain strains of virulent disease germs should be considered in the context of a larger effort to develop immunity vaccines for protecting Americans against possible use of virulent germs by an enemy. As for napalm and other modern weapons, this could not be viewed apart from the problem of controlling war itself.

As might be expected, this produced a severe debate between the students and members of the research panel. The students believed that universities, step by step, were allowing themselves to be used for purposes alien to the civilizing experience. First, they said, came government grants for general scientific research. Then came more particularized research activities, the possible benefits of which might have indirect military significance. Finally, there came contracts for specific research projects in the development of powerful poison gases or nerve gases or new incurable diseases.

There was no resolution of the question at the Michigan Convocation.

Not only at the University of Michigan, however, but throughout the nation students and teachers are asking far-reaching questions about the role of the university in pioneering ways of debasing, devitalizing, and destroying human life. The Department of Defense recently released a list of fifty-two colleges and universities which received contracts for undertaking research in chemical and biological warfare. The University of Pennsylvania, for example, was the recipient of two contracts for germ warfare. The University of Minnesota has been authorized to do research in the development of virulent crop-killers. Western Reserve University has been developing a highly lethal chemical, absorbable through human skin in minute quantities.



The central question, of course, is far broader than whether the universities should lend themselves to devising new ways for expunging life on this planet. The central question is whether this nation ought to be engaged in germ and chemical research and manufacture—at universities or anywhere else. The university as a station for such research raises fundamental issues about the philosophy and practice of our educational institutions; but this issue, however important in itself, points to an even larger problem: Is there no point at which the moral judgment of the American people becomes engaged, even in military matters? Is there to be a total suspension of sense and conscience wherever and whenever national security is involved?

IT was only a generation ago that the United States insisted it was important to make distinctions between one form of warfare and another, and that limits had to be set to the kinds of horrors that could be unleashed even in the name of war. The revulsion that swept mankind over the use of poison gas in the First World War led directly to the declaration by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1943 that the United States, in accordance with the Geneva Convention, would renounce such weapons unless first used by an enemy. Public opinion had no difficulty at that time in recognizing the need for moral distinctions, even in war.

Nuclear bombs, of course, are substantial erasers of distinctions. It is possible that once atomic explosives became standard items in the national arsenals, the capacity for moral revulsion against indiscriminate killers such as poison gases and man-made plagues became somewhat depleted. Whatever the reason, there was hardly any public indignation or shock when, almost a decade ago, the first indication appeared that the government was abandoning the Geneva Convention of 1925. It was asserted that the United States had no choice other than to act as it did, for we had to assume that our potential enemies were moving along the same grisly path. Science had opened up all sorts of new possibilities for disfiguring the delicate human mechanism and for expanding the catalogue of indignity and suffering. We would be jeopardizing the national security, it was said, if we were to stand aloof from such pursuits.

None of this reasoning was persuasive, however, alongside the fact that we did not seriously or systematically seek to bar these weapons on a world level. We raised no voice at the United Nations, nor did we call for an enforceable prohibition against the new horrors opened up by science. Just as many of our military scientists and officials later put up every obstacle they could to a ban on

(*Continued on page* 57)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Quiet Campaign

THANK YOU for Theodore C. Sorensen's article, "The Quiet Campaign to Rewrite the Constitution" [*SR*, July 15]. It was written with Mr. Sorensen's characteristic balance, clarity, and thrust.

Mr. Sorensen's proposal that Congress pass a statute requiring greater responsibility of state legislatures in their attempt to call a second Constitutional Convention deserves careful consideration by our lawmakers and by all citizens. The point is not that the existing Constitution is sacrosanct; indeed, it has been structurally altered, by amendment, twenty-five times. One can only agree with Jefferson that "institutions must advance also and keep pace with the times," for to straitjacket new realities within dead forms is, as he said, to "require a man to wear still the coat which fitted him as a boy."

The point is that the Constitution, which has proved itself wondrously enduring and yet responsive to new needs, should not be fundamentally altered without maximum provision for reasoned analysis, procedural checks and balances, and the approval of the overwhelming popular majority. Above all, Constitutional change must not proceed from the seasonal discontents of a frustrated minority imposing its will on the majority by political legerdemain.

WILSON SULLIVAN.

Hackensack, N.J.

Mencken House Stands

DURING HIS LIFETIME August Mencken saw a way to keep that famous family home at 1524 Hollins Street in Baltimore—mentioned in "The Other Mencken" [PHOENIX NEST, June 24]—from being ripped to the ground. He left it to his friend and neighbor, the University of Maryland, whose Baltimore campus with its professional schools and hospital lies only a number of blocks away. We've no intention of razing the house and expect to honor August's wish that it might be used to house students or interns of the medical school. Most of the contents of the house are going to other institutions designated by August several years ago.

ROBERT A. BEACH, JR.,
Endowment and Gifts Office,
University of Maryland.

College Park, Md.

Cybernetics Viewed

I WISH TO EXPRESS my great appreciation for Glenn T. Seaborg's article, "The Cybernetic Age: An Optimist's View," [*SR*, July 15]. It hit home particularly well since we are now constructing a course at the University of Florida whose objective will be to give students a chance to think through the broad social and cultural repercussions of the cybernetic revolution. The course will attempt to spell out the impact, both intimate and remote, of this revolution on the lives of our students and the potentially fantastic impact on their children by the turn of the century. Interestingly enough, in contrast with other great technological breakthroughs, the computers themselves can aid us in understanding this revolution and in anticipating its meanings.

FRANKLIN A. DOTY,
Dean, University of Florida.

Gainesville, Fla.

THE PESSIMIST needs no computer to tell where cybernetics are leading us—to oblivion as human beings. No one could argue that the human race has invented some wonderful things, but history often shows that the more wonderful the invention, the more disastrous its use. Automobiles were invented to develop a rural economy but they are destroying an urban one. Atomic power is mostly atomic bombs.

I am happy that I am not going to be treated by an electronic doctor depending on a robot typist who will punch a wrong key in my IBM card, killing me with a disease I never had.

Cybernetics you can have. Give me reasonable humans with all their faults.

J. CARLETON ESTY.

Lavallette, N.J.

"I refuse to play villain parts. I may want to run for governor."

Firearms Control

ALFRED BALK'S editorial, "The Firearms Theater of the Absurd" [*SR*, July 22], was most welcome and certainly needed. "Theater of the Absurd" is an effective analogy to use in trying to convince the public and lawmakers that a tight control over firearms is of utmost importance. It is all well and good for the NRA to want to sell rifles, but this has been done at the expense of many lives. How many deaths will it take before we realize that too many people have died so unnecessarily?

CAROL ROSENBAND.

Milwaukee, Wis.

I HAVE just read Mr. Balk's editorial and wonder if you cannot issue it separately and make it available to readers who might wish to distribute it to officials who voice intentions of attacking the "crime wave" here and there but who say and do nothing about guns. To "attack" crime without attacking this root cause is pure idiocy. Personal letters to public officials seem to achieve no results. Copies of Mr. Balk's well-argued editorial might do more.

CLARA W. CRANE.

Bridgewater, Mass.

Project Hope

IT IS ALWAYS refreshing to receive a cool breeze on a hot summer day! I felt such a breeze when I read about the endeavors of our hospital ship in R.L.T.'s editorial, "Seven Years of Hope" [*SR*, July 15]. It was very enlightening, and I hope that the information will be spread about.

LEROY HOUGHTON.

Providence, R.I.

R.L.T.'S EXCELLENT EDITORIAL on Project Hope did not include a mailing address.

HARLAN RAINEY.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Letters and contributions should be addressed to: Project Hope, The People-to-People Health Foundation, Inc., 2233 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.*

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Duse Returns to Asolo

SARASOTA, FLA.

AN OUTSTANDING example of how a university can help both itself and the state in which it is located is the current happy collaboration between Florida State University, the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art, and the Asolo Theater Festival Association. Thanks to these organizations' effort and flexibility, the repertory theater program at the charming 290-seat playhouse has grown from a twenty-five performance season in the summer of 1960 to two four-play repertory schedules (a spring season of eighty performances inaugurated this year, and an expanded Summer Festival of ninety-one performances).

There is also a student company taking summer courses for college credit which will present productions of its own. And the Asolo Company expects to expand last year's highly successful winter tour, which took theater to Florida high school students, from fourteen counties to twenty-four [see "Florida Findings," THE THEATER, March 18]. The tour was made possible by a $130,000 grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which should logically now feel justified in providing a larger sum this year. Government agencies work slowly, however, and if it were not for FSU's willingness to risk, Asolo's general director, Richard G. Fallon, would never be able to sign key actors and directors to contracts in time to assure a high-quality continuation of this most valuable enterprise.

It is also FSU's eagerness to see the Asolo Theater progress that made possible the most ambitious feature of this summer's operation. The university commissioned playwright Mario Fratti to write a new work specially for this theater. Mr. Fratti, two of whose plays are grouped with others by Pirandello, Betti, and de Filippo in the just published *Masterpieces of the Modern Italian Theatre* (P. F. Collier, $1.50), had visited Sarasota last summer and felt the presence of the Italian actress Eleonora Duse in this playhouse where she had actually performed before it was dismantled and transplanted from Italy to Florida. Thus he decided to try to write a play which would transmit this presence to theatergoers who had never seen her.

This was a formidable task, for what living actress, no matter how talented, could reproduce the very special quality of Duse? Fratti finally found a fascinating solution. He created a fictitious situation in which an acting coach, familiar with Duse's life and art, tells the story of that life and career by asking her "students" to re-enact short scenes. Some are improvisations of significant moments in her life, and others are brief excerpts from scenes Duse once performed. They are played in chronological order with various "students" taking turns playing Duse. Since the acting coach can make constant comment, she keeps us aware of the distance between the "student's" attempts and the real thing, and the burden of duplication is lifted from the actresses cast as students.

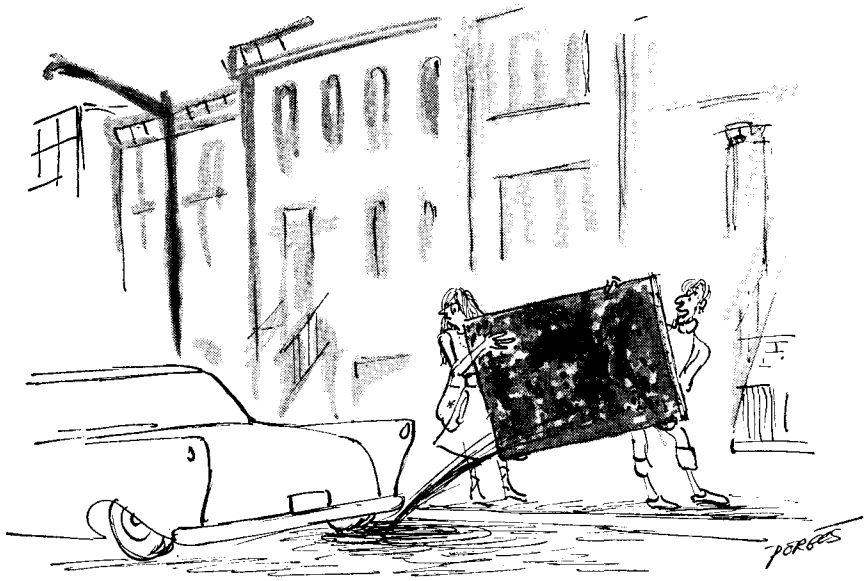
To give what is essentially a narrative more dramatic interest, Fratti does several things. To begin with, he sets his action in Pittsburgh's Syria Mosque Theater on that terrible day when Duse stood in the pouring rain for half an hour knocking at the locked stage door. Thus we have the irony of the artist being ignored and destroyed by the real world at the very same moment that she is being immortalized by the theater world. And, indeed, this play's most interesting area is its exploration of how Duse's personal experiences were echoed in her acting. There is also some nice humor in demonstrations of the kind of flamboyant, old-fashioned performance that contrasts with Duse's quietly intense style, and Fratti has drawn both Sarah Bernhardt and Gabriele D'Annunzio as slightly comic characters.

Although the premiere performance was well received, *Eleonora Duse* is still being worked on by the author, for there are a number of drawbacks. Audiences find it difficult to follow so many scenes, and names of importance in the nineteenth-century Italian theater do not instantly ring a bell. One wonders if the playwright might not have been wiser to concentrate on exploring one dramatic question running through Duse's life, rather than attempt so much biographical detail. And a device whereby the play is justified because it is supposed to persuade a wealthy patroness of the arts to invite Duse to stay in America seems artificial and unnecessary.

Mr. Fallon, nevertheless, has directed the play so that it consistently holds our interest. As the acting coach, Isa Thomas seems too young, and a script requiring her to express so much praise of Duse weakens her impact. Yet she is very effective when, near the end of the play, she finds herself stepping into the role of Duse. It is a splendid theatrical moment in an informative play which, because it offers so many young actresses an opportunity to play leading roles, would seem to have a promising future in university theaters.

The classics in the repertory this summer are a bloody but attenuated *Romeo and Juliet*, directed by Robert Strane with C. David Colson and Linda Kampley in the title roles; a clear and amusing *The Madwoman of Chaillot* staged by Eberle Thomas, with a young actress, Charlotte Moore, capturing the little-old-lady aspect of the aged madwoman; and a triumphant *The Farce of Scapin*, adapted and directed by Paul Weidner and featuring a fantastic comic performance by Macon McCalman as Molière's clever servant. Its style and mirth make it the most popular Asolo production to date.

—HENRY HEWES.



"Vandal!"

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Fiction That Grows from the Ground

THE TWO novels I am considering this week have little in common, but taken together they raise some interesting questions about the nature of fiction. Although there is a sharp difference in their ages—Wallace Stegner is almost sixty and Joyce Carol Oates under thirty—the authors of both books are experienced writers. Stegner, who is also well known as the head of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University, has produced more than a dozen books, most of them fiction. But Miss Oates, young as she is, has published two excellent collections of short stories, and *Garden of Earthly Delights* (Vanguard, $5.95) is her second novel. Both writers know what they are doing, and that gives point to the fact that their works stand far apart in theme, style, intention, and achievement.

Miss Oates has usually written about poor or at any rate not very prosperous people living in the country or in small towns. They are likely to be suffering, either through physical affliction or because of some kind of frustration. Their moments of joy, if there are any, are so brief as to have a pathos of their own. Miss Oates's style, subdued and often somber, is appropriate to her themes. The title of her first collection of short stories, *By the North Gate*, was taken from a poem by Rihaku, translated by Ezra Pound, that perfectly expresses her prevailing mood:

> By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,
> Lonely from the beginning of time until now!
> Trees fall, the grass grows yellow with autumn.
> I climb the towers to watch out the Barbarous land.

Garden of Earthly Delights is a novel about three generations of Americans. First there is Carleton Walpole, a migratory worker in the desert of the Thirties, moving about the country—Arkansas, Florida, South Carolina, New Jersey—with his wife and children. The important thing about Carleton is that he feels himself to be superior to the circumstances in which he has his meager existence. He is incapable of taking practical steps to better himself, but alcohol and violence nourish his self-esteem.

His daughter Clara runs away at the age of fifteen because he beats her. She has his sense of superiority, but in her it is balanced by a degree of shrewdness. Capable of intense, romantic passion, she is practical enough to attach herself to a wealthy man when she finds she is pregnant, becoming first his mistress and then his wife. The child, Steven or Swan, is brought up in luxury, but he is torn by conflicts, and he ends, as the reader knows he must, in disaster.

Here then are three lives, none of them noteworthy, none of them ending well. But these people are real. They often seem mysterious to us, as, for that matter, they do to themselves; but we accept their existence. They are real to me in exactly the same way as are my neighbors: I don't know all there is to be known about them, but there, for better or worse, they are.

Stegner's *All the Little Live Things* (Viking, $5.95) has a more recognizably timely theme than *Garden of Earthly Delights*, and is more entertainingly written and more skillfully put together. I expect that it will be more popular than Miss Oates's book, but I am not convinced that it is a better novel.

Stegner's primary theme is the conflict, much publicized of late, between generations, and this inevitably leads into consideration of the meaning of life. The narrator is a retired literary agent, Joe Allston, who has settled in California with his wife, Ruth, and who, as the story begins, is taking a qualified but genuine satisfaction in his withdrawal from the world. The Allstons' paradise, however, is invaded by an up-to-date serpent, a bearded, dirty, arrogant beatnik, Jim Peck. The conflict between Allston and Peck, constantly intensifying, is made more painful for the former by his recollections of his failure with his own recalcitrant son, who died at the age of thirty-seven without ever having found himself.

Joe is challenged in another way by the arrival in his neighborhood of a young woman, Marian Catlin, who has a passion for life in all its forms, for "all the little live things," including gophers, poison oak, beggar's-lice, cockleburs, needle grass, and foxtails. Joe, who finds Marian's philosophy ridiculous, nevertheless is greatly attracted to her, wishing she were his daughter, and her affirmativeness, undiscriminating as it seems to him to be, makes him ashamed of his negations. When he learns she is dying of cancer, he is doubly devastated.

Stegner, who does many things well, is especially effective in his creation of the setting—weather, birds, animals, insects, flowers. The novel begins as Allston looks back on the events that he is about to describe:

> A half-hour after I came down here, the rains began. They came without fuss, the thin edge of a circular Pacific storm that is probably dumping buckets on Oregon. One minute I was looking out my study window into the greeny-gold twilight under the live oak, watching a towhee kick up the

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leaves, and the next I saw that the air beyond the tree was scratched with fine rain. Now the flagstones are shining, the tops of the horizontal oak limbs are dark-wet, there is a growing drip from the dome of the tree above, the towhee's olive back has melted into umber dusk and gone. I sit here watching evening and the winter rains come on together, and I feel as slack and dull as the day or the season.

The novel is full of observations as sharp and evocative as those we find in this passage. But what of the people? As for Joe Allston, Stegner has said that he found it necessary to give him "a comic sense which was like a defensive skill of a boxer with a glass jaw." Stegner's intention was sound, and he is witty enough to have made Joe a formidable wisecracker. But, though I have known men that I think might be rather like Joe, I never feel that I know Joe. Ruth, his wife, scarcely rises above the horizon. Jim Peck, as Stegner's plan demanded, is seen only through Joe's eyes, and though we suppose there is more to Jim than Joe sees we don't know what it is. And Mrs. Catlin is the greatest problem of all. Stegner has said: "If there is an answer both to Peck's lust for kicks and Joe Allston's impulse to flinch away and retire, it is in Marian Catlin's openness to all experience and her affection for all life." I wish I could believe in Marian, but I can't.

Stegner had some currently relevant themes, and he has been able to present them in a piece of fiction that is both entertaining and stimulating. What more can one ask? People, of course, not embodiments of ideas—such people as one finds in *Garden of Earthly Delights*. Stegner's novel is wonderfully well contrived, but Miss Oates's grows out of the ground. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1252

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1252 will be found in the next issue.

KIZHMLK BKQ NYOZC AZZC QMD-

LNUZHZQ AZYNHZ, ATO MO BKQ

KWGKPD AZZC BTDBZQ TS.

–NDLKH GMWQZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1251

As a general rule, nobody has money who ought to have it.

—Benjamin Disraeli.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Complement of Conservationists

Like Brooks Atkinson, I admire the Sierra Club. However, I suspect that in his enthusiasm for the club books reviewed [*SR*, July 15] he let emotion cloud vision in one respect. He characterized the Sierra Club as "the most militant and *effective* [emphasis added] conservation organization in America." This is a rather sweeping statement.

In an obvious reference to the title of the book for which Sir Izaak Walton is most noted, Director George Hertzog of the National Park Service recently referred to the leaders of the Izaak Walton League of America as this country's "compleat" conservationists. The League stresses appropriate use of all basic resources—soil, woods, waters, wildlife. It was born militant in 1922 in advocacy of clean waters and has been effective at local, state, and national levels in the continuing war on water pollution. Its record in other fields is good; its successful defense of the national forests, public domain, and certain park areas against the attempted Great Land Grab of the 1940s and early 1950s is outstanding as an example. It fathered the national Outdoor Recreation Resources Review operation, and has of course carried out numerous other beneficial campaigns through the last forty-five years.

In their ways the Soil Conservation Society, Society of American Foresters, National Audubon Society, National Wildlife Federation (especially in the dissemination of information about pending federal legislation), and others have also been effective. It dulls not the luster of the Sierra Club to give credit to others in a field so broad and where the action, while continuous, nevertheless fluctuates—now in favor of this group, now that.

William Voigt, Jr.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Delusion

Edward Wakin, reviewing Joel Carmichael's book, *The Shaping of the Arabs: A Study in Ethnic Identity* [*SR*, July 8], describes the reaction of the Arabs to present-day Israel as paranoid. As defined by Webster's International, "paranoia" mean delusions of persecution. The danger that the existence and continued expansion of an arrogant and territorially ambitious Jewish state holds for the Arab world is much too real to be described as a delusion.

David D. Shobe.

New York, N.Y.

Numb to Literary Music

I wish to endorse Granville Hicks's critique of high school literature courses [*SR*, July 8]. The average undergraduate English major likes to read, even reads for pleasure, as contrasted with the vast majority of undergraduates who will not willingly read a book for any reason. This book-appreciating creature is subjected early and long to "new criticism," which dissects and symbolizes and anatomizes until nothing is left of the joy of reading. He learns the current fetish-liturgy of critical jargon, reads the "study guides" instead of the works, reads the infamous prefaces to the paperbacks assigned in his classes, and memorizes who did what to whom. Instead of scaling the peaks of literary art, he reads *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, or the poems of Ralph Akenside, because of their "historical significance." He reads vasty seas of printed paper, digesting 3,000 or 4,000 words a day (supposedly; he really reads the fifty-page preface to the 600-page novel, and lets it go at that). By the time he is ready for graduate study, he is numb to all literary music, like a squashed thumb which can no longer register pain.

Thomas J. Cummins.

Oakland, Calif.

Wrong Revolution

Whoever wrote the brief introductory summary about *Erev*, by Elya Schechtman [*SR*, July 8], should know better than to confuse the 1905 Revolution in Russia with the Decembrist Revolution of 1825. Neither is it true that *Erev* is the first Yiddish novel published in the Soviet Union in twenty-five years, as you categorically state. There were several novels published in the Soviet Union in Yiddish in the past twenty-five years, one as late as 1965 (N. Luriye), and several translations from Hebrew of Israeli writers.

J. A. Stekol.

Jenkintown, Pa.

VIP in Peary Expedition

In your review of *Peary the Explorer and the Man* [*SR* July 1], Richard L. Tobin refers to Matthew Henson as Peary's Negro manservant. At the beginning of the Expedition, he was Peary's manservant, but this was only while they were in Nicaragua, and they were there for a short period of time.

Matthew Henson became a very important part of the Peary Expedition, in that he became a companion and a friend to Admiral Peary. He made a tremendous contribution toward the discovery of the North Pole.

Elario E. Smith.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

License

Is it in the name of literary freedom that your book reviews cater to pornographic license, as in the case of *Thérèse and Isabelle* [*SR*, July 15]?

Or is it for circulation?

D. C. Grant.

South Bend, Ind.

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European Literary Scene

The title of Michel Butor's new book, *Portrait de l'artiste en jeune singe* (Gallimard), evokes, of course, James Joyce and Dylan Thomas. Yet the contents of this *capriccio* (as Butor calls it) make one think of the curious historical fantasies of Hesse or Borges. In an autobiography of sorts Butor explains how he early became interested in alchemy, other arcane lore, and theology. In 1949 one Dr. H., a Hungarian refugee in France who could have been modeled on Paracelsus, arranged for Butor to spend a few weeks in the Bavarian castle of Count W., where he was given the task of putting in order Herr von B.'s library of occult sciences in a neighboring castle. The feudal Germany into which he had been plunged is permeated by an air of medieval mystery and pseudo-science, an atmosphere that accounts for the title of the first major section, "The Holy Roman Empire."

Butor's old penchant for stylistic tricks emerges, and his narrative chapters begin to alternate with chapters summarizing curious dreams inspired by the cobwebby surroundings. Recreating from memory his days as a sorcerer's apprentice and ruminating on such matters as astrology, cartomancy, and dream-divination, Butor shows himself adept in the language of alchemy. *Portrait* is thus a hermetic or allegorical reconstruction of his days as an acolyte. Having abandoned the typographical and spatial *lazzi* that marred his earlier works on Mobile and on Niagara Falls, Butor is now being praised by reviewers for "coming back to literature." Yet this book proves that it will always be literature on his own terms.

Armand Gatti is a triple-letter veteran of French theater, television, and cinema. He does not always write to entertain; Pierre Fisson calls him "the man par excellence to displease you and make you grit your teeth." His acquaintance with America and Asia, along with his experience in war (resistance fighter, paratrooper), led him to write a play now receiving a mixed reaction in France, *V for Vietnam*. After a turn around the provinces, it has come to Paris's Théâtre de l'Est. North Vietnam is the hero, America the villain. Even the majority of critics who share his views find the work too black-and-white. One reviewer calls his plays "*guignol bien fait*" (well-made Guignol). Still, the crowds attending *V for Vietnam* seem to indicate a long run.

One of the most exciting publishing developments in Europe is the facsimile reprinting of long-unavailable literary journals of importance. It is now possible to obtain, for example, complete back issues of the *Revue de littérature comparée* at a price within the budget of a small library. Many French periodicals have been made thus available by Slatkine in Geneva, Switzerland. Another new bargain is a complete reprint in eighteen volumes of *The Criterion*, founded and edited by T. S. Eliot with the financial assistance of Viscountess Rothermere and the practical assistance of Richard Aldington. This important journal appeared from 1922 to 1939, when the imminence of war discouraged Faber & Faber from going on. Its aim, said Eliot, was to "bring together the best in new thinking and new writing in its time, from all the countries of Europe that had anything to contribute to the common good. . . My review was an ordinary English periodical, only of international scope." The first issue carried his "Waste Land," and was soon offering contributions by Proust, Valéry, Cocteau, Maurras, Pound, Lawrence, Spender, Joyce, Curtius, and other greats of the *entre deux guerres*. With mechanical improvements assuring the revival of these publications through facsimile printing, and with computers now compiling concordances of such important European journals as the *Revista de filología española* (New York University Press), an increasing corpus of literary production and opinion will become accessible.

Nor is the IBM 7094 computer system idle in Germany. Professor Marvin Spevack of Münster and the German Computing Center of Darmstadt have relegated the old lexicographer Bartlett to the shadows with their new *Complete and Systematic Concordance to the Works of Shakespeare*. The six volumes, totaling 8,000 double-column pages, may be ordered at the prepublication price of DM 98 ($24.50) each. The text used is the New Riverside Shakespeare (Houghton Mifflin). We now leave to computers (to borrow a phrase from Eliot) "the intolerable wrestle with words and meanings."

Just arrived from Milan is another attractive volume of the Narratori Italiani collection (Mondadori), which has published many a distinguished name: Dino Buzzati, Alba de Céspedes, Guido Piovene, Vasco Pratolini, Silone, and Mario Soldati. The new arrival is Luigi Santucci's *Orfeo in Paradiso*. Santucci is loyal to his native Milan (he recast one of his novels as a play in Milanese dialect), and the paradise of the title is that city—not the industrial center of today, but Milan between the revolutionary days of 1898 and the defeat at Caporetto in World War I familiar to Hemingway readers. The Eurydice of this modern Orpheus is not a sweetheart or wife but his mother, and he wishes to bring her back to life not from hell but from the earthly paradise that Milan once was.

High on the Milan Cathedral Orpheus encounters a bird whom he recognizes as his dead mother and who summons him to follow her. A strange intruder, later identified as "the master of the birds," lectures him on time and space and encourages him to leap from the church summit right into the past. Making the fateful jump, Orpheus finds himself in a Milan neighborhood on October 7, 1892, just nine months before his mother, Eva Grillo, is to be born. He lovingly watches her grow into adolescence and young womanhood. Though his memory tells him that the Austrians will break through at Caporetto, he enlists and faces the mortal disaster to protect Signorina Eva. Yet, when he returns to Milan, Eva is holding hands with another young man, Leandro, destined to become Orpheus's own father. The ancient legend holds true. Orpheus is not to bring Eurydice back. The intricate conjuration somehow comes off well, even movingly. We now have yet another variant of the myth that has inspired dozens of novels and plays and hundreds of poems.

One who has a particular fondess for Spain and its literature will eagerly attempt to find evidences in Madrid of greater freedom for the writer. Every time he sees an encouraging sign, such as publication on the peninsula of a novelist or poet of the exiled generation, some wanton infraction of the Fraga Iribarne law on freedom of the press will dishearten him all over again. Even while we were reporting here that Ramón Sender is being issued in Spain, an Army court at Las Palmas in the Canaries was sentencing Pedro Lezcano, a poet, to six months in jail for writing a poem allegedly injurious to the military. Another civilian, the journalist who had arranged for publication of the poem, was given two years. An exiled Spaniard in Switzerland, Miguel Sánchez Mazas, was sentenced in absentia to twelve years of imprisonment for writing two anti-Franco articles. On this last case the *Times Literary Supplement* comments: "This sentence makes the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial look tame. . .

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The harm done by twenty-eight years of repression will never, of course, be fully repaired, for the loss of talent involved is incalculable. Spanish literature today is a pathetic shadow of what it was in the 1930s."

Now Greece has been taken over by similar army tribunals, to the same tolling of the bell for literature. The literary journals *Epohes, Theatro,* and *Epitherosi Technis* have been banned. A list of 750 proscribed works was issued in May by Colonel Papadopoulos. The poets Ritsos and Vournas are held on Yioura Island. The grotesque forbidding of performances of selected plays by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes was made even more ridiculous by later claims that it was the music which the autarchs feared. Since the distinguished Russian poet Mayakovsky is one of the foreigners on the list of 750 banned works, one wonders how long before American writers—and which?—are to be included. Or are American authors safe because of the immense gratitude of the Greek colonels to the U.S. government for our continuing help and shipments of arms?

Meanwhile the Greece of Euripides and Aristophanes is the subject of a new book, *The Greeks,* by Oxford Professor Antony Andrews (Hutchinson).

A new dramatist, Renke Korn of Westphalia, has just seen his first play staged at the Deutsches Theater in Göttingen. *Die Ueberlebenden* (The Survivors) returns to that familiar theme of so much recent drama, guilt feelings over Hitlerism. Three friends face the ethical decision imposed on all Germans at the rise of Nazism. The journalist Bertram and the architect Beck make their peace with it, each for his own reason — opportunism and belief. Both denounce to the Gestapo their mutual friend Perutz. Since this is the name of the Czech Zionist writer and playwright who emigrated to Tel Aviv in 1938, it is unlikely that the Gestapo would not have had anyone similarly named already under surveillance. During the last act the survivors' guilt comes at last to the surface, like Mephistopheles demanding a settling of his accounts.

Perhaps surfeited with the excessive exploitation of *Schuldkomplex* by the new generation of political dramatists, the critics did not hail the play as marking the arrival of another Brecht. Speaking of Brecht, Suhrkamp Verlag of Frankfurt will issue this fall two new collected editions of his works: a de luxe set in eight volumes and a paperback one in twenty. Totally new, both editions are based on primary manuscript sources of the plays, adaptations, fragments, poems, prose, and essays on literature and politics.

—Robert J. Clements.

The Urban Frontier

Cities in a Race with Time, *by Jeanne R. Lowe (Random House. 601 pp. $10), illuminates through the case histories of five metropolises how social and physical urban renewal can be effected. Lyle C. Fitch is president of the Institute of Public Administration in New York.*

By LYLE C. FITCH

URBAN governments and political systems have not yet digested the new responsibilities bearing on poverty, discrimination, economic development, urban redevelopment and renewal—nor clarified their relations with federal and state governments in carrying out these obligations. In *Cities in a Race with Time* Jeanne R. Lowe recounts the responses of several metropolises to various facets of these complex problems. "I have chosen the particular case histories," she says, "because each has been or still is influential as a pattern setter and an example which has been studied and followed by communities across the country." The case histories are put in the context of the development of urban housing and renewal policy (broadly defined to include social as well as physical renewal) in the nation over the last three decades. Describing programs of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, and New Haven at length, Miss Lowe, a reporter rather than a theorist, attempts to illuminate the intricate processes of centrally-planned change and to identify the ingredients of success as measured by conditions that are in some degree better than they would otherwise have been.

Like a good reporter, Miss Lowe focuses on the central actors in the cases. Thus the New York story dwells upon Robert Moses and how that dyspeptic Titan was propelled into the unsought role of pioneer urban renewal administrator along with his myriad other city-shaping activities. His record in the urban renewal program was characteristically mixed. During the course of a great amount of activity substantial funds were captured for the benefit of various projects in which Moses had a special interest. Results ranged from the glittering, if not unadulterated, triumph of Lincoln Center to the misplaced mediocrity of the Coliseum to the notoriously mismanaged Manhattantown project. Moses ran the urban renewal operation with a very small staff, depending largely for project planning and design on private firms, which in compensation would then be selected as project sponsors. Moses's blithe disregard of the Caesar's wife principle in choosing these sponsors, a number of whom were on the gamey side, ultimately forced Mayor Wagner to remove him from his post of construction coordinator (a lesser man would have been publicly disgraced) and to replace him with a Housing and Redevelopment Board, whose bureaucracy eventually came to number nearly 100 times that of Moses's staff. The policy shifted from excessive autocracy to excessive democracy, and the amount of urban renewal projects undertaken dwindled steadily during the first half of the 1960s.

BY contrast, Pittsburgh's story reveals how an unusual group of tycoons, able to identify their own interests in downtown development with the larger public interest, cleaned up the long-standing, notorious smoke pollution and rebuilt the Golden Triangle. In part these notable achievements were made possible by a working partnership with the city's Democratic administration, but in many cases it was raw economic power that brought dissenters into line. Thus when a great railroad was blocking smoke-control legislation it was Richard Mellon who let the management know that if its recalcitrance continued the companies he controlled would probably switch their freight-hauling business to competitive lines. When a developer was lacking for the first big downtown project the Equitable Life Assurance Society stepped in to launch Gateway Center.

Pittsburgh's physical rebuilding downtown got the lion's share of the attention

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and results. By comparison low-income housing, the education plant, and most of the factors that go into human resources development have been undernourished. Despite the triumphs of Pittsburgh's development, the metropolitan area is still far from being over the hump economically. "Pittsburgh," Miss Lowe observes, "is still a town of a few big movers and a mass of little people who are used to having things done for them."

The Southwest Washington redevelopment project, "a product of mixed capitalism and the most complicated federal grant-in-aid program in the country," has produced the nation's most outstanding redeveloped residential area in architectural quality, variety, racial integration, and community facilities.

THE heroes are the Washington Redevelopment Land Agency and its executive director, John R. Searles, Jr.; the principal sponsors and innovators, James H. Scheuer, Roger L. Stevens, and William Zeckendorf, and the architects Cloethiel Woodard Smith and Louis Justement. In addition to the problem of what to do with dislocated slum dwellers, the chief obstacles were the incredibly entangled and leaden-footed government agencies, among them the Federal Housing Administration. Scheuer said in retrospect, "I never dreamed how long it would take with government red tape, and how much time it would require to get acceptance of a new community in a former slum area."

Philadelphia's renaissance had many sources: the seminal "Young Turk" reform movement of the early 1940s, which was instrumental in the creation of the Citizens' Council on City Planning and other organizations; the distinguished and unique business leadership organization, the Greater Philadelphia Movement; the Citizens' Charter Committee, which played a crucial role in writing and developing support for the 1951 charter; two notable mayors, Joseph S. Clark, Jr., and Richardson Dilworth; the imaginative and articulate city planning director, Edmund Bacon, and many others. However, as soon as the regular Democratic organization regained control of City Hall, the rate of progress sharply declined.

In New Haven, where the redevelopment and renewal program encompassed physical renewal along with economic and social elements, the credit goes largely to Richard C. Lee, "the first mayor in the country to have made urban renewal the cornerstone of his city's administration as well as of his own political careers." He had a rare capacity for recognizing and attracting brilliant assistants, including Edward Logue and Mitchell Sviridoff, who did much to develop the art of packaging programs that would attract federal and foundation funds and which would produce tangible results. Roger L. Stevens (who also had a hand in the Southwest Washington project) was the chief hero of the downtown redevelopment project, though like many another hero he would never have gotten involved in the first place had he been able to foresee what was coming.

DESPITE the assistance of a widely representative citizens' action commission, the business community has been apathetic, if not hostile, and it is questionable how long momentum will continue without Mayor Lee unless equally proficient leadership emerges.

The above comments are necessarily oversimplifications as also, in a way, is Miss Lowe's study. In covering so much ground she must omit much that is relevant. Withal, in describing the intricate relationship of federal and urban programs and politics, she manages to weave together, in a coherent pattern, a great many threads. So here is a useful book—a tract for the times as well as a distinctive gathering of information.

Its prescriptions are unexceptionable if not operationally very useful: the chief needs she cites are leadership, community organizations, planning, professional staffs, information, an informed citizenry, and a great deal of money. Of these, it seems clear, the most important and the rarest is leadership. Much of our progress will depend on whether that intangible and hitherto largely fortuitous quality can be systematically created. Perhaps some guidance is to be found in the techniques utilized by large business organizations. Certainly, the universities have a vital responsibility, until now largely neglected, for grooming administrative expertise and leadership in urban government; it is, after all, the most rapidly growing American industry.

Miss Lowe concludes that "perhaps we must also redefine the good life to be sought in cities," and she quotes John W. Gardner to the effect that physical comfort, diversion, gratification do not constitute happiness for man: "The truer version involves striving towards meaningful goals—goals that relate the individual to a larger context." This is the ultimate challenge of the "urban frontier."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

TAKE YOUR PICK

Once again, Harold Helfer of Silver Spring, Md., gives you a triple choice of words or phrases to complete each quotation correctly. Confused? Turn to page 33.

1. Jacques Bossuet: "The cruelest revenge of a woman on a man is to remain _____." *(faithful, chaste, frivolous)*
2. Thomas Edison: "Show me a thoroughly satisfied man and I will show you a _____." *(superman, liar, failure)*
3. Richard Le Gallienne: "_____ is one of the surest marks of the aristocrat." *(gaiety, softness, indifference)*
4. Abraham Lincoln: "The better part of one's life consists of _____." *(sacrifices, friendships, study)*
5. Louis Brandeis: "Behind every argument is someone's _____." *(frustration, ignorance, egotism)*
6. Goethe: "Nothing is more terrible than to see _____ in action." *(frustration, ignorance, egotism)*
7. Robert Strausz-Hupé: "_____ create as many problems as they settle." *(compromises, wars, marriages)*
8. La Rochefoucauld: "The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without _____." *(envy, guile, pessimism)*
9. Henry Ford: "An _____ is a person who helps other people to be prosperous." *(economist, idealist, inventor)*
10. Lyman Abbott: "_____ is passion tamed." *(patience, a good woman, poetry)*
11. Thomas Paine: "_____, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence." *(government, marriage, law)*
12. Rupert Hughes: "_____, the result of millions of years of not thinking." *(women's intuition, war, orthodoxy)*

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A Handbook on the Struggle

Black and White: A Study of U.S. Racial Attitudes Today, *by William Brink and Louis Harris (Simon & Schuster. 285 pp. $5.95), devotes considerable attention to the crisis in Negro leadership and the currency of violence. C. Eric Lincoln, professor of sociology and religion in Union Theological Seminary in New York, is the author of "The Black Muslims in America" and "My Face Is Black." He has two volumes on the race question scheduled for fall publication, "Sounds of the Struggle" and "The Negro Pilgrimage in America."*

By C. ERIC LINCOLN

A STUDY of contemporary racial attitudes, this is essentially an up-dating of the report that appeared in a series of *Newsweek* articles in the summer and fall of 1963 and the next year in book form as *The Negro Revolution in America.* Like the previous effort it endeavors to inform the reader on what is happening in the uncertain world of black and white relations. Predictably, the authors fail to capture the mood of the revolution as a vital, internal struggle roiling the bowels of America; what comes through (despite their best efforts) is a journalistic account of selected opinions treated statistically and presented as indices of the nation's continuing dilemma.

This is not intended as a fundamental criticism of the book, but rather as an insight to an almost necessary limitation in its methodology. *Black and White* itself is a valuable handbook of facts and figures and statistical tables augmented from time to time with interpretation intended to make the figures come alive and take on meaning. The problem is that the meaning they acquire is itself circumbscribed. An opinion poll provides an evanescent kind of data, for attitudes shift with annoying frequency, and such changes are not always amenable to logic. The journalistic approach is essentially concerned with "news," and today's news like today's opinions may quickly become dated. The difficulty then with such a book is not whether its conclusions are valid, but for how long.

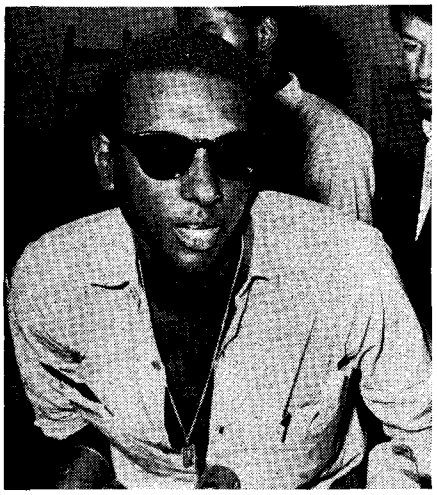
The authors, for example, find that Martin Luther King "remains the preeminent leader" among Negroes—being approved by 88 per cent of the rank-and-file Negroes sampled in their poll. However, in the few months since their poll was taken Dr. King's program of activities has been so modified as to raise real doubt whether he retains the same degree of leadership effectiveness among Negroes.

In their earlier (1964) work William Brink and Louis Harris confirmed to their satisfaction that "the Negro's struggle was an authentic, deep-seated, broadly based revolution—and one destined to go on and on. . . . Its dominant tactic was nonviolence, its prevailing spirit high hope." Nonetheless, they surmised even then that "violence will remain a constant risk of the revolution." The new book gives considerable attention to "the crisis of leadership," and the violence which is no longer a risk but a reality. The authors note the rise of Black Power. Although their surveys show the Black Power-black nationalist leaders are least approved by the Negro rank-and-file and by the Negro "leadership group," they find that no less than 25 per cent of the rank-and-file (and 31 per cent of Negro youth) are advocates of Black Power despite the amorphous character of the term. They note, too, a rather sharp evolvement of ethnic pride among all classes, and among some the creation of a black identity expressed through habits of dress, speech, hair styles, diet, and adornment.

WHAT is implicit here, of course, is the development of a racial consciousness without which the Negro could never effectively achieve integration in this society. Negroes have become increasingly sure of themselves—on the job (*any* job), in the military, wherever they compete with whites. Some of this is chauvinistic, and not all the failures attributed to the white man's bias are so derived. But growing up in a hurry requires an unusual quality of self-confidence, and the Negro in America has set his sights on nothing less than full and instantaneous manhood.

Thereon hangs a tale. Brink and Harris find that the majority of whites think that Negroes are moving too fast, while most Negroes are chafing at the slow pace of change. Whites vehemently disapprove of the Negro riots while Negroes tend to feel that the riots help to keep the white man's attention focused on the issues. Both groups see housing as the issue which is crucial to the kind of society we are going to have in the foreseeable future. There is not much communication, and positions are hardening.

Brink and Harris speak wistfully of "a peaceful quest directed by a man like Martin Luther King." But, alas, Dr. King is away on another journey, and in his room one hears the angry voices of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown.



—Photos by Wide World.

Martin Luther King, Jr., H. Rap Brown, and Stokely Carmichael—"positions are hardening."

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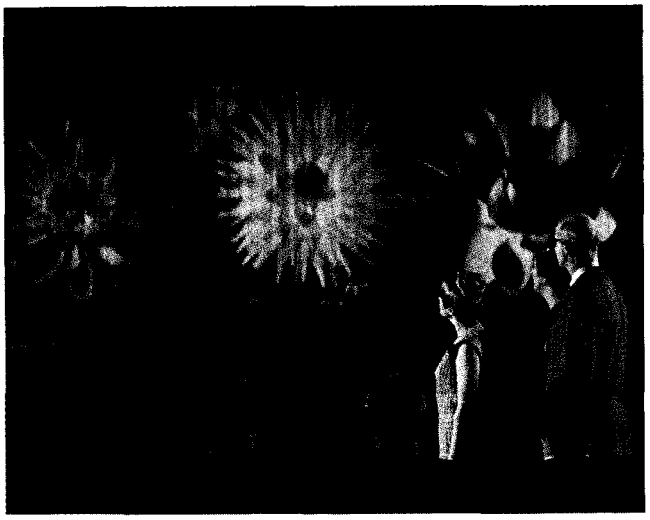
The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Color, a human pleasure



All summer long the people have been coming to Kodak at Expo 67 in Montreal to a wondrous fountain where they can enjoy their color vision, a gift denied most beasts. (You have until October 27 to catch the show.)

A fatuous feeling of proprietorship about color has to be fought off here. We do make the drab world less so. This is a principal justification for our existence and our success.

The very units in which scientists state color-sensation differences are MacAdam units, named after Dave MacAdam, who established their objective validity, comes to work every day as a Kodak physicist, and edits the *Journal of the Optical Society of America* at home.

Babies' first strong hue sensations come from toys manufactured of plastic we have made and colored. Pretty girls and pleasant home interiors make good use of the textile dyes that originate in our chemical-reaction kettles.

Standards of fashion, meanwhile, are continually reshaped by advertising art directors who are themselves the audience for a very special kind of advertising in which we encourage tasteful use of our products for professional color photography and its reproduction on the printed page.

And since the printed page is no longer the only route to the public eye, we are helping the television broadcasters get the best performance out of the color film we make for them.

Drabness can also be escaped by taking a walk in the autumn woods. For that color we are not responsible. But if you want to refresh yourself with it later, take your camera along.

With the new KODAK INSTAMATIC® M95 Movie Projector you can vary your shows to suit your audience.

A 7-speed dial lets you choose super-fast, normal, or time-stretching slow-motion projection speeds. In forward or reverse. Plus stills.

So you can zip through some scenes. Linger over others. Switch to reverse for instant replay. All at the twist of a dial to suit the interests and reactions of your audience.

The M95 shows super 8 or 8mm film with equal aplomb to give you the versatility of two projectors in one. From less than $210 at your Kodak dealer's.

Merchandise like this in well run camera shops fairly leaps off the shelves into the hands of customers who know value when they see it. Hurrah for our engineers who figure out new ways to manufacture new highs in performance into new products at new lows in cost!

What manner of man dedicates his career to such goals? In the case of this projector we cite for illustration a certain smart apple who is so eager for reinforcements that he is willing to forego some privacy of his own if he can thus convince smart newcomers* that Kodak leaves your soul alone (as he phrases the idea).

This engineer's non-Kodak identity has been nourished as follows after Kodak working hours (which for him most weeks come to considerably more than 40):

1. For 16 of his 17 Kodak years has been serving as general manager (and bass chorister) of 7 or 8 concerts per year of oratorio music sung and played by professional musicians and a chorus of 300. Twelve successive annual Bach festivals included.
2. Committee service with half a dozen Rochester musical organizations that vie for audiences with the one he runs.
3. Music, theater, and movie critic for a pure-highbrow FM radio station.
4. Owner and operator of a one-man cottage industry that manufactures neckties which sell well to the visual arts crowd.
5. Secretary for 15 years of Dartmouth's Class of 1949.
6. Scaler of 45 of the 46 highest peaks of the Adirondacks.
7. Non-Ph.D. husband to a Ph.D. wife (who has more time to teach history at two colleges, now that their eldest daughter is at the University of Chicago and only the two younger boys are home).

*Who should apply to Eastman Kodak Company, Technical and Business Personnel Department, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.

Price subject to change without notice.

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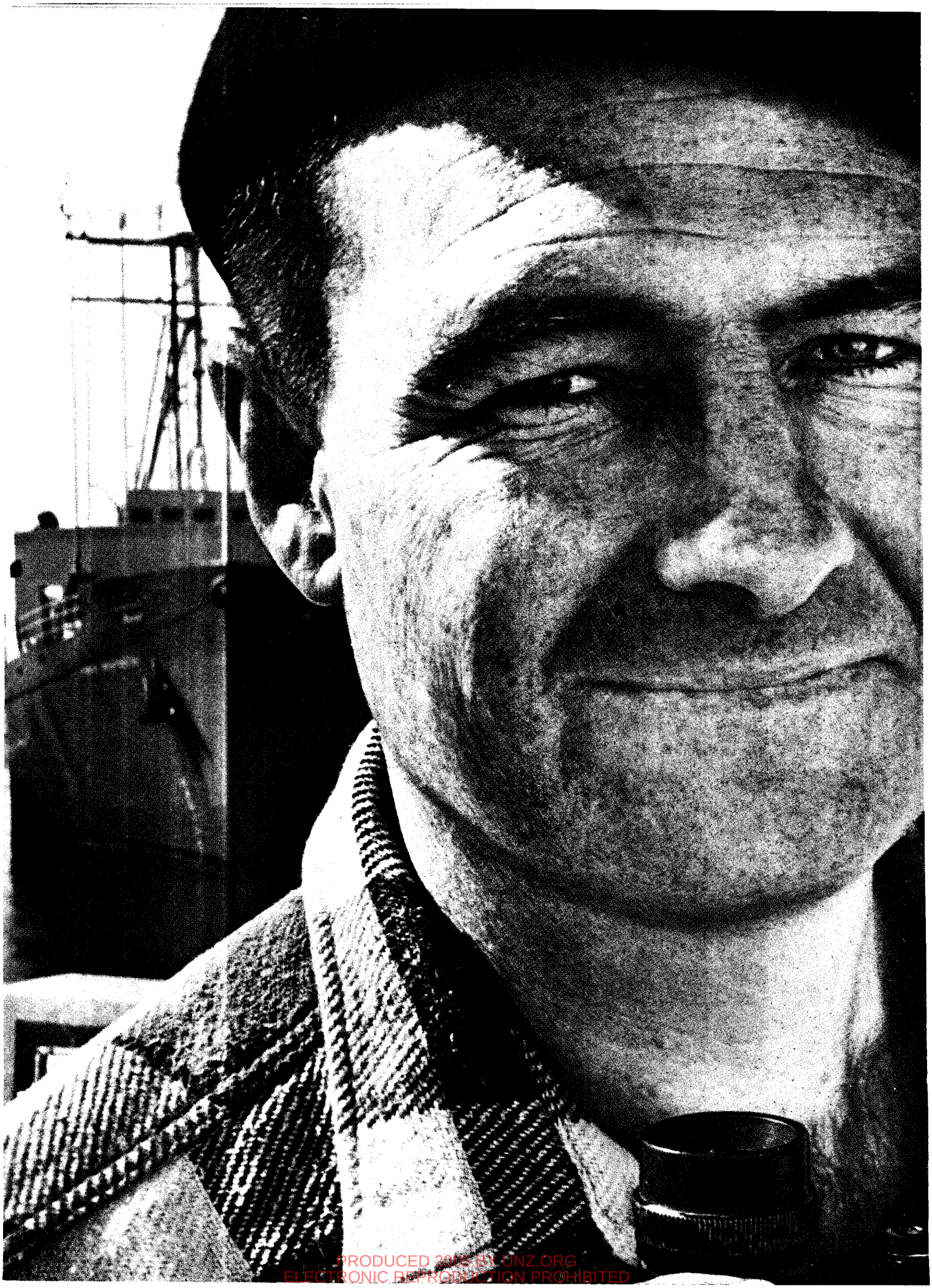

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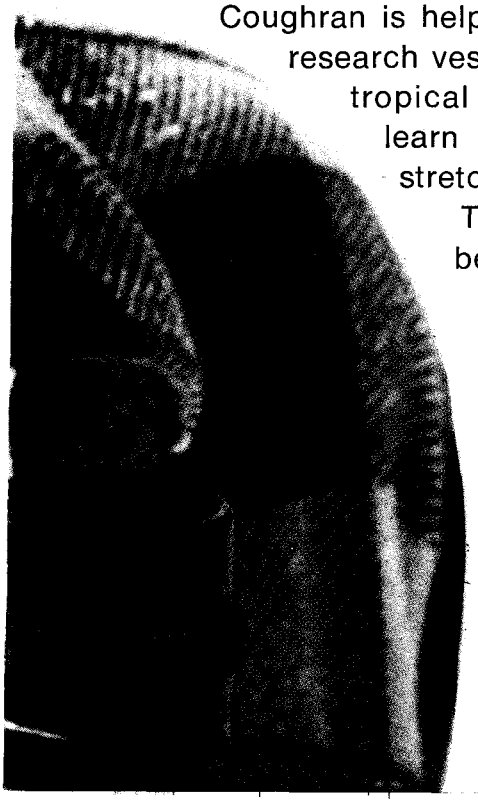
This seagoing scientist is helping oceanographers fathom the mysteries of the deep.

What's he doing at IBM?

IBM's Ed Coughran is a scientist who applies mathematics to ocean studies. He is assigned to work with Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, San Diego. One of his jobs is to help oceanographers at sea as they struggle to gather information—in fair weather or foul, 24 hours a day.

"On a cruise," says Coughran, "oceanographers collect thousands of facts. But ordinarily, they don't have time to analyze this information until they return to port. If they find something interesting, they can't do anything about it until next time out—so things move slowly."

Ed Coughran thinks he has a way to help oceanographers speed things up: by going down to the sea with computers.



Coughran is helping to install an IBM computer aboard the research vessel, Thomas Washington, for a trip into the tropical Pacific. Scripps' oceanographers want to learn more about this lonely, largely unexplored stretch of sea.

The computer, through sensing equipment, will be able to collect and store facts on water temperature, salinity and pressure. Then, analyze it immediately. This means oceanographers can formulate new theories and gather the facts to test them while still in the Pacific.

This and other information about the ocean can serve mankind in many ways—for example, in helping us exploit the food resources of the undersea world. And it's one more demonstration of how IBM experts—like Ed Coughran—are using computers to help solve information problems of all kinds, ashore or afloat.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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Exploration of Color

***Down These Mean Streets,** by Piri Thomas (Knopf. 333 pp. $5.95), explores through the author's own bitter experiences the heartbreak that is color in white America. Warren Sloat, a reporter for the New Brunswick, N.J., Home News, is interested as a free-lance writer in urban problems.*

By WARREN SLOAT

"POPS," Piri Thomas writes at the onset of his autobiography, "how come me and you is always on the outs? Is it something we don't know nothing about? I wonder if it's something I done, or something I am."

The affront Piri Thomas committed that put him on the outs with his father and most of America was to get born with a dark skin—a Puerto Rican who is, according to one of America's millions of color experts, "black enuff to be a nigger." Even in his own family his fairer-skinned brothers are taken aback. Though he passes in a Southern whore house (by speaking Spanish), he is unwanted when he answers classified ads.

Drugs, violence, the street code, the sights and sounds of the Harlem *Barrio* play subsidiary and reinforcing roles to this exploration of color in white America. "If You Ain't Got Heart, You Ain't Got Nada," one chapter is entitled. From the time he is a small boy, when his family moves to an Italian neighborhood, Piri has to show heart—has to fight bullies to stay alive. With World War II and Depression's end, the Thomases move on to Long Island. His brothers appear to be making it in the white world, but Piri, unable to take the cruelty of a gym dance and other slights, returns to Harlem, where, living alone, he pushes pot and engages in petty theft.

Determined to accept himself as a Negro, Thomas goes to the Deep South with a black friend. He comes back shaken. Hating all whites—except Trina, his Puerto Rican love—he descends by notches into the hell of heroin addiction until he is strung out with a $15-a-day habit. Piri turns to stickups, and in an attempted nightclub holdup he and a cop exchange fire. "I finally shot some Mr. Charlies," thinks Thomas, who is himself wounded. "I shot 'em in my mind often enough."

To preserve a chance at parole, after serving six years of a sentence for attempted armed robbery and felonious assault, he stays out of a prison riot and even walks away from a fight. There are times, he has learned, when one must punk out on the street code. Although he gives up the Black Muslim faith, which he has adopted for a time, he remembers what Muhammad, his teacher, has told him: "No matter a man's color or race, he has a need of dignity and he'll go anywhere, become anything, or do anything to get it—anything."

Down These Mean Streets is a powerful thrust at self-definition without apology or euphemism. Its language is swinging, masculine, gritty. Often awkward, the writing more often has a feline grace. Because the author bears down so mightily on his own search for identity, he dominates his book; Trina, friends, and family remain partially in shadow. Nevertheless, Thomas has a gift for pulling in minor characters for a telling scene that adds dimension to his theme: the stilted speech of a light-skinned Negro he meets in the South who claims to be mostly white and recites a litany of forebears; the mincing foolishness of a group of faggots trying to be what they are not.

Thomas reports nothing of his later rehabilitation work with junkies in Harlem and Puerto Rico—which was the subject of the prizewinning film *Petey and Johnny*—leaving off his narrative shortly after his release from prison at the age of twenty-eight. There is no grand resolution of problems, no big closing message. "I was a kid yesterday and my whole world was yesterday," he says in his new freedom. "I ain't got nothing but today and a whole lot of tomorrows."

"Hi, Mom and Dad! Glad you could make the scene!"

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. faithful. 2. failure. 3. gaiety. 4. friendships. 5. ignorance. 6. ignorance. 7. wars. 8. envy. 9. idealist. 10. patience. 11. government. 12. women's intuition.

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Moral in an Amoral World

Friedrich Nietzsche—"the rich rubbish of a writer's workshop."

***The Will to Power,** by Friedrich Nietzsche, translated by Walter Kaufmann and B. J. Hollingdale, edited by Walter Kaufmann (Random House. 576 pp. $10), contains aphorisms and random jottings posthumously compiled from the philosopher's last notebooks. Eugen Weber, chairman of the Department of History at UCLA, is author of "Paths to the Present" and "Varieties of Fascism," among other books.*

By EUGEN WEBER

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, born in 1844, went mad in January 1889 and died in 1900. Profoundly moral in an amoral world, he had to recreate a structure of morality; deeply religious in a godless world, he had to become god; obsessed by death, he had to discover an immortality of his own in the myth of the eternal return.

He left a welter of posthumous notes, and *The Will to Power* was first put together by his sister in 1901 out of his notebooks for 1883-88, the last and most productive years of his sanity. New material was added in subsequent editions. This present compilation, edited and annotated by Walter Kaufmann, may well become the standard English version.

"Nietzsche is Germany's greatest prose stylist," Kaufmann writes, "and his language is a delight at every turn like a poet's . . ." But the language of the poet is allusive, elusive, and illusive. The danger in aphorisms is not that they may be misunderstood, but that they may be understood as one pleases. Where there are no qualifications any interpretation is permitted. "All knowledge comes down to communication," Nietzsche wrote, and one wishes he had applied the point. He did, but selectively; those understood who deserved to understand.

Nietzsche was a geologist of sentiment, of convention, uncovering layer after layer of custom, habit, and acceptance. Intending to write a book that would go "beyond appearances," he called it *Beyond Good and Evil*—beyond hollow but powerful assumptions, historically conditioned subterfuges for escaping reality, for denying necessity. He was against guilt and Christianity, Rousseau and Romanticism, softness and vulgarity; against the kind of reasoning that categorizes the world into columns of related opposites. Nietzsche's great strength was his critical and analytical thought—constantly tearing down, abandoning one formula or insight for another that might appear to contradict it.

Religious systems posit values and furnish authority for them. But, Nietzsche added, "man has lost the faith in his own values . . . existence has no value or end . . ." Man loses the habit of seeing himself as the creator of values and religions; as these decay, and he is incapable of forging others, nihilism rises.

"A society is not free to remain young." Roses must be cut so that they may grow; dead blossoms must be cleared before new ones bud. To recognize this is not inhuman, only unsentimental. "Waste, decay, elimination need not be condemned: they are necessary consequences of life, of the growth of life." So is decadence: "its supposed causes are its consequences."

Awareness is good; overfocusing is sick. Clarity is good, yet too much light can dazzle. When perception is all, the disproportion becomes morbid.

"Virtue is our greatest misunderstanding," Nietzsche wrote. But it is language that is our greatest misunderstanding: the ambiguity of words, the way they call for explanation of their sense, the way they lend themselves to distortions when taken out of context and quoted to a public that ignores the whole. Interpretation leads to misinterpretation, and Nietzsche, so aware of this and so concerned, lends himself to it more than most.

"In my own way I attempt a justification of history." Nietzsche did this through ellipses and lyrical terseness. Over and over one nods, "How true!" And over and over one asks, "Then what?"

An eagle pecked to death by chickens before he was torn to shreds by self, Nietzsche denounced what he saw as if it were new rather than ageless: mindlessness; will-lessness; the powerful and the rich ensnared by their possessions; ends abased to means and means becoming ends. No wonder he enthralled and convinced. And was this not because his readers were prepared by their own awareness, as well as by the perceptions he articulated?

HE criticized his time but sprang from it. He analyzed practices camouflaged or ignored by his contemporaries, for whom reason furnished excuses for acquiescence, and religion was not redemption but rationalization. He sensed the fatalism inherent in nineteenth-century attitudes which to their holders seemed to be the acme of self-assertion. Oppressed by environment, the reader welcomes Nietzsche's reaffirmation of self and his denial of the determinism dear to the mechanistic nineteenth century as to the psychological twentieth.

"What do philosophers lack?" he writes. "An historical sense . . ."—and historical knowledge. Some of Nietzsche's most brilliant perceptions are also the most misleading. "Judaism whose principal deed was to associate guilt with misfortune . . ." ". . . the French Revolution . . . its instincts are against caste . . . against the last privileges." Yet the Revolution quite deliberately asserted one caste over another and replaced old privileges with new. And the association of guilt with misfortune is one of the most widespread ideas in the world.

Nietzsche's anti-Semitism was, like Voltaire's, an anti-Christianism ("the anemic Christian ideal"); it is the New Testament he loathes, not the Old. Nietzsche's anger, far more bitter than Voltaire's, is so fierce that it almost drives out humor. Almost, but not quite: "Has it been noticed that in heaven all interesting men are missing? Just a hint to the girls as to where they can best find their salvation."

How many of his remarks, new at the time, are commonplaces now: "The world seems logical to us because we have made it logical." Also absurd, because we have defined that concept too: "You lack the courage to lose yourself and to perish: thus you will never be something new."

"One desires *freedom* so long as one

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does not possess power. Once one does possess it, one desires to overpower; if one cannot do that (if one is still too weak to do so), one desires *'justice,' i.e., equal power.*" Against the masses Nietzsche evokes élites; against universal suffrage, the right of exceptional men; against democracy, hierarchy—rank determined by power, "the will to power"; against equality, discrimination—the aristocracy of self-awareness and self-assertion; against mediocrity, privilege and strength; against the inferiority of the herd, the value of the great and the rare. "As for heroes, I do not think much of them: all the same it is the most acceptable form of existence when one has no other choice."

Why does Nietzsche wear so well? Because, ahead of his own day, he suits ours. Because, trying to analyze his age, he dissects ours. Because, attempting to be timely, he is timeless. Because he is unsystematic: criticism and analysis hold up better than system and structure. Rereading Nietzsche one is struck by his wealth of insight, his terrifying consistency. There is no meliorism, no compassion; he is a lesson in toughmindedness. "Will to life? In its stead I never found anything but will to power."

The editor rightly emphasizes that these are notes and random jottings, some used in other works, some abandoned, the rich rubbish of a writer's workshop, glimpses of moments in his thought, not of the stand he took or of his conclusions. For these last, says Professor Kaufmann, read the books he published in his lifetime. Yet for our scattered minds, perhaps the jottings speak more clearly than the finished works; their tone and their occasional formlessness suit ours. And *The Will To Power* does offer a sketchy compendium of Nietzsche's views, implacable scholarship, and fascinating readings.

The Sage of Königsberg

Kant: Philosophical Correspondence 1759-1799, *translated from the German and edited by Arnulf Zweig (University of Chicago Press. 260 pp. $7.50), gives insights into both the thought and the personality of a man who, eschewing dogma, created one. Paul Arthur Schilpp, professor of philosophy at Southern Illinois University, is the author of "Kant's Pre-Critical Ethics."*

By PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

NONE of the several volumes of Kant's letters in the Prussian Academy edition has thus far been available in English. The present work, containing sixty-three letters from Kant's own pen plus thirty-four letters addressed to him, is therefore a welcome contribution to the English-reading student. Moreover, Professor Arnulf Zweig's selection is quite felicitous, although there are a few letters that could scarcely be called "philosophical." But some of these latter give us perhaps an even better insight into the personality of the bachelor Sage of Königsberg.

If, as the editor claims in his preface, he has presented here "translations of virtually all of Kant's philosophical correspondence" over a period of forty years, it is clear that Kant was not much of a letter-writer. In fact, he frequently remarks that he regards letters "as a chore and a distraction from more serious work." Occasionally some of his correspondents had to wait a year or longer for a reply—if they received any at all.

Only two of Kant's own letters date from before 1770. And, of the thirteen from the decade leading up to the publication of the first *Critique,* no fewer than nine were written to Marcus Herz, a physician, who was Kant's disciple and closest friend. Although as late as 1797 Kant writes that Königsberg's "court preacher and professor of mathematics, Mr. Johann Schultz," is "unquestionably" the one scholar who "has really interpreted at least the main points of my system in the way I want them to be interpreted," there can be no question that Kant's most detailed philosophical correspondence was that with Herz. But it is doubtful whether even these letters cast much additional light on Kant's system.

Perhaps the major value of these writings is their demonstration of Kant's own attitude towards his philosophical works. Usually (like so many of the rest of us) he expects to finish something in a much shorter time than it will actually take him. But there is never the slightest doubt in his mind about his work's far-reaching importance. Kant was not joking when he titled his 1783 work *Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysic*; he really meant it. As a matter of fact, just before the publication of the *Prolegomena,* in a letter to Christian Garve, he ends a footnote with these words: ". . . he will never deduce the categories from any other source than that which I have indicated, *of that I am certain.*"

And the last part of the very last sentence in this book, from an Open Letter on Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre,* dated August 7, 1799 (less than three and one-half years before his death), reads: ". . . the system of the *Critique* rests on a fully secured foundation, established forever; it will be indispensable too for the noblest ends of mankind in all future ages." Hume may have awakened Kant from his "dogmatic slumbers"; but the critical philosophy, with all its subtleties and minute distinctions, itself achieves such a degree of certainty and absoluteness as to justify one's dubbing it also dogmatic.

THAT Kant could—under specific circumstances—take a personal interest in a nonprofessional human being appears in his correspondence with Maria von Herbert, the sister of an influential disciple. In 1791 this young lady wrote to Kant in great distress over a broken love affair. Six months later he finally replied in a generally sympathetic and understanding manner. But, despite the fact that Maria clearly indicated she was at the point of suicide, Kant did not answer her later letters. In 1803, at the age of thirty-four, Maria actually did take her own life. Mr. Zweig, quite correctly, draws the conclusion that Kant "was not enthusiastic about women's rights or greatly concerned about the frustration suffered by intelligent ladies in a society that regarded them for the most part as merely useful or decorative ornaments."

There is only one letter to the great German poet Schiller; and, as Mr. Zweig comments, "It is a pity that there are no very serious philosophical exchanges with [J. G.] Fichte in the correspondence."

Two brief statements on religion are revealing, both contained in letters of 1775. In the first Kant writes: ". . . no confession of faith, no appeal to holy names nor any observance of religious ceremonies can help." And in the other he affirms that ". . . no book . . . can substitute for the religion of conscience."

Finally, I cannot refrain from quoting the following brief excerpt from a letter to Marcus Herz dated February 4, 1779: "A certain misology . . . derives . . . from this: that in the first instance one loves philosophy, in the second, people, but one finds both ungrateful, partly because one expected too much of them, partly because one is too impatient in awaiting the reward of one's efforts from the two. I know this sullen mood also; but a kind glance from either of them reconciles us with them again and serves to make our attachment to them even stronger . . ."

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Cupid's Blasé Blush

May We Borrow Your Husband? and Other Comedies of the Sexual Life, *by Graham Greene (Viking. 183 pp. $4.50), assembles short stories whose subjects range from homosexuality to refrigeration of a dead baby. Nicholas Samstag is the author of "Come and See My Shining Palace" and other books.*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

THERE is almost no likelihood that Graham Greene ever set out to write twelve "comedies of the sexual life" (the subtitle of this collection). More probably he and his editor mulled over a gallimaufry of the author's short stories, vignettes, and other fragments in the hope of finding a group large enough to make a book and homogeneous enough to be hung on a single thread. The thread holds, but barely. These are comedies only in the literary sense of the term; in another, they are as funny as a crutch. And their similitude is more that of baroques than of matched pearls. Like pearls, they, too, are the records of unbearably irritating circumstances.

Why any chain at all was needed is one of the mysteries of publishing. Sufficient to the day is the wonder thereof—and many of these pieces are truly wonder-full. "How in the world does he *do* it?" one asks again and again; even though once in a while (as in the case of the all-too-appropriately titled "Awful When You Think of It") the question becomes, "Why in the world did he bother?" From the morsel "Beauty," a study in beastliness, to "Mortmain," in which a sly puss who was the most recent mistress of a new husband promises to break up his marriage with her poisonously helpful *billets doux*, there is an economy of phrasing and a prodigality of intimation that approaches black magic.

Most of these offerings are, in fact, profoundly immoral in that they make so little of sinning. Or does that make them moral? At any rate, Greene seems intent on taking all the fun out of sexual wrong-doing by a sort of bleaching process that leaves us with a gray Satan and not even a blush with which to acknowledge our misdeeds of derring-do. This, mark you, is a very shocking process; I can promise that you will be duly shaken.

The central subject, for example, of two of these stories is homosexuality (one pansy, one butch). The first—the title story—flows into its conclusion with the inevitability of a natural phenomenon, and the second becomes a sort of drunken romp. The man could as easily have been lost by drowning, the woman in a traffic accident. In another tale an unhappy but apparently attractive and self-respecting woman of thirty-nine gives herself to a self-pitying wreck of an old man, mostly, I think, out of boredom. A fourth is like a Charles Addams cartoon in story form. A man, flying economy class, carries "my wife's" dead baby home for burial in an overnight bag which he holds on his lap or puts on the seat beside him, fending off jolts and falling packages and such. There is much talk of putting it in the fridge ("a little perisher like that's no bigger than a chicken") and a lot of educational dialogue about how the corpses of newborn babies keep better because they're not half full of semi-digested lamb chops, apple tart, and *vin rosé*. Jolly.

But two of the stories aren't even baroques. "A Shocking Accident" is quite funny in its way, hardly sexual at all and rather romantic; while "The Gentle People" is a sensitive and wistful tale about the tardiness of Cupid. Maybe it was these two out of that devil's dozen that led the dustjacket writer to describe the author as having "a warm-hearted concern for the men and women who are the actors in these 'comedies.'" I wouldn't have said that exactly.

Bobbs-Merrill

FLIGHT FROM THE REPUBLIC by NORTH CALLAHAN

This exciting narrative, supported by orignal sources, describes the plight of the Tories, who by the thousands fled to Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and England, hoping to return when the Revolution was suppressed. Their flight and plight proved that their relations with the mother country was only "parchment deep." This exceptional book throws light on a neglected but important aspect of the American Revolution. *illustrated.* $6.50

A Sad Song of Eleven Summers

The Last of the Crazy People, *by Timothy Findley (Meredith. 282 pp. $4.95), traces the inexorable tragedy of an eleven-year-old boy in a family of middle-class Canadian neurotics. Margaret Parton frequently comments on current fiction.*

By MARGARET PARTON

LIKE Ben Piazza, who three years ago wrote a moving first novel about boyhood called *The Exact and Very Strange Truth,* Timothy Findley is an actor. Again like Piazza, he is interested in boyhood and its relationship to the adult world, and he has an actor's ear for dialogue, an actor's eye for scenes. After three years, scenes from the earlier book remain vivid in the mind; it is probable that those created by Mr. Findley will also linger for a long time, if less happily.

The first scene sets the mood, and almost—but not quite—tells us what is to happen. It is early September, after a rainless summer. An eleven-year-old boy carrying a box tiptoes out of his house in the dawn, crosses the back yard to the stable, climbs into the loft, and settles down in the straw by the half-open bale door overlooking the back of the house. The box is beside him, and so is his cat, Little Bones, whose "deadly, vibrant, yet clouded" eyes resemble his own. Together they wait and are still.

We gather from every careful word of this prologue that the boy is insane and about to do something terrible. The rest of the book, flashing back to the beginning of that hot Canadian summer, tells us of the events that have led inexorably to this September morning and of the people who contributed to them. And as we come to know the members of young Hooker Winslow's family and the middle-class community in which they exist, we begin to see that his inevitable tragedy is triggered not by one cause but by many, stress upon stress.

The central strain is Hooker's mother, Jessica, who has gone into a deep depression since her last baby was stillborn, and now remains in her room reading religious books and cursing at the family she no longer loves. Her husband, Nicholas, is ineffectual, vague, preoccupied with the illness of his wife. Gilbert, their twenty-year-old son and Hooker's elder brother, is a brilliant

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drunk. Rosetta, Nicholas's sister and housekeeper, is a hard, unloving woman, just interested in her brother's comfort and her own security.

Only Iris, the Negro maid, takes any interest in the lonely boy or the pet cats who are his sole companions. But when Gilbert precipitates crisis not even Iris, with all her good will, can answer Hooker's inchoate questions; nor is there any help, he finds, in the bewildering adult world outside. "In all houses, all families, was it true that no one really loved?" Hooker wonders near the end. It is no surprise that his final act seems like ultimate sanity.

The Last of the Crazy People is not light summer reading. But is says something important, and says it with both craftsmanship and compassion.

Pseudo-Poet and -Man: Readers, like lovers, demand continual returns for their loyalty and affection. And when the loved one disappoints . . . This is not fair, especially to writers, but it is, I think, true and inevitable. Thus, *Cabot Wright Begins* disappointed James Purdy's readers because it lacked the imagination of *Malcolm* and the intensity of *The Nephew*. His *Eustace Chisholm and the Works* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95) is no less disappointing.

The homosexual pseudo-poet Eustace Chisholm is supposed to unify and give meaning to the varieties of love Purdy deals with. But, as in *Cabot Wright Begins*, these loves are at once too various —Eustace with his wife, Carla, and Clayton Harms; Daniel Haws with Maureen O'Dell, Captain Stadger, and Amos Ratcliffe; Amos with his mother, Reuben Masterson, and Reuben's gardener; Reuben with his grandmother and Maureen —and not varied enough. Moreover, Eustace is an inadequate reference point, too like the other major characters to be strikingly objective, insufficiently involved with them to be significantly subjective. The most interesting story, Daniel's fatal inability to accept and express his love for Amos, is obscured. The end is gripping, but comes too late to redeem the novel.

I'm not sure what could have redeemed it. Too much is gratuitous; many details are irrelevant – Clayton, who quickly vanishes, sells electric signs; Maureen's abortion is shockingly described to no purpose; social chaos (depression, impending war) never materializes as background, much less as the controlling metaphor it might have been. The book might have been saved by the qualities Purdy is admired for: sharp contrasts, jolting ironies, colliding contradictions, all of which can furnish the focus and definition that this story lacks. In short, Purdy fails to surprise. The grotesqueries do not tease or tantalize; they are mechanical and predictable.

We open each new novel hoping to come face to face with something commensurate to our capacity for wonder. We rarely do. But in *Malcolm* and *The Nephew* Purdy did communicate that rare experience—in *Malcolm*, wonder at the bizarre; in *The Nephew*, wonder at the banal. And where we have once found it we want and expect it again and again, fair or not. In *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, as in *Cabot Wright Begins*, there are the bizarre and the banal, but no wonder.

—Barry Gross.

The Uses of Invisibility: Whether as perceivers or perceived, most of us are grateful indeed for small visibilities, given the old shadow-box to shadow-box lines of communication which we seem to be stuck with much of the time—another melancholy heritage of the Fall, no doubt. Well, exactly the reverse situation is the peg on which Maude Hutchins hangs her latest fictional frolic: Clarissa, the child-narrator of *The Unbelievers Downstairs* (Morrow, $3.95), latches on to invisibility as a means of asserting her very assertable personality. A wildly precocious and pixilated moppet, Clarissa decides that she's not orphaned, as everyone believes, but simply the invisible offspring of invisible parents, and so proceeds to behave accordingly, slithering in and out of rooms backwards and silently merging with walls when spoken to.

The laissez-faire atmosphere of her grandparents' household, where she lives, is well suited to do-it-yourself invisibility, though it might make a rationally inclined square feel a bit edgy. Besides the grandparents, who spend a lot of time downstairs sitting around the living room, there's "Auntie" upstairs, who's beautiful and takes goofballs; insouciant Uncle Willie, who tangles with the law because of overvisibility in public; a handsome doctor whose appointed rounds bring him to Auntie late in the night, and a couple of servants who pop about like an addled Greek chorus. When the goofball lady goofs off completely one day, Clarissa—temporarily seeable—has difficulty convincing the Unbelievers that Auntie's supposed death is only a side-effect of having learned how to become invisible, and therefore not permanent.

Nor is anything permanent in this semi-demi-fantasy, and an attempt at analytic dissection could only result in both the tale and the dissector becoming totally invisible. The main point is that Mrs. Hutchins—whose novels baffle, bemuse, or bewitch according to the reader's temperament—is riding her broomstick high as a conjurer of the comic, making wide-eyed sport of sex, having light fun with voyeurism, and beating psychiatry over the head with a feather-duster, all of it acted out in a raffish Never-Never Land by elvish creatures disguised as Real People. What happens amuses momentarily by its extravagant impudence, but the cream of the jest is the back-of-the-hand slap at solemnity, the refuge of the nonserious. An accomplished caper.

—Patricia MacManus.

"Daddy's going to make some money, Daddy's going to write a potboiler!"

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Behind Asia's Headlines

The New Face of Buddha: Buddhism and Political Power in Southeast Asia, *by Jerrold Schecter (Coward-McCann. 277 pp. $6.95), depicts the ideological backdrop against which Asia's travails are unfolding. Lionel Landry is executive director of The Asia Society.*

By LIONEL LANDRY

A BRILLIANT chronicle of the great swells and currents behind the headline events in Asia, *The New Face of Buddha* is a responsible study of the personalities and principles of Asia's Buddhist world, their dynamic interplay, and the political triumphs and catastrophes that have taken place in the name of Buddhism.

This is a journalist's book, and the youthful author, who is *Time-Life* Tokyo Bureau chief, makes no other claim. Inevitably, it is more than reporting, for the history of men and the history of ideas must provide the setting for the turmoil in Asia today. Jerrold Schecter, in fact, writes on an almost philosophical level, as when he concludes: "In most cases, in attempting to become part of the modern political process in Asia, Buddhism has failed."

This verdict is based largely on the author's experiences in South Vietnam, where the intensity of the Buddhist effort to dominate politics went unperceived by all but the most knowing of Americans. Only when living Buddhists turned themselves into funeral pyres did a shocked and nauseated American public begin to focus on the critical aspects of Buddhist life in Asia.

What are Buddhists? What do they believe? What are the implications for our future in Asia of the political activities of devout Buddhists like Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk, Thailand's Thanat Khoman, Burma's U Nu, South Vietnam's Trich Thi Quong? What is Buddhism like in Communist China? In Ceylon? In Japan's Soka Gakkai? How will Buddhist values mold, in all those countries, decisions of the utmost importance to the American interest?

Schecter answers such questions with perception, understanding, and skill. His chapter on the Buddha and the nature of Buddhism is the best short introduction to the subject in recent years. The cornerstone of his book, an essay on the interaction among Buddhism, nationalism, and Communism in Asia, is a masterful setting forth of the highly ideological backdrop against which Asia's travails are unfolding.

Vivid descriptions of Asia's Buddhist leaders abound. A sober and honest portrayal of Prince Sihanouk, for instance, depicts this brilliant ruler as far more than the willful buffoon portrayed by American newspapers. Sihanouk emerges as a deft strategist, a dedicated patriot, a far-sighted and energetic leader tragically underestimated and misunderstood by our first diplomats at his court and by a smart-alecky American press.

Schecter examines the religious motives of other political leaders in Asia, Communist and non-Communist, their attempts to mobilize Buddhist societies, and, especially, the significance of these efforts to the future of the Far East. His commentary is richly detailed, always interesting, and supremely relevant to the contemporary American.

The New Face of Buddha is written on three levels. It is at its best in its scrutiny of today's Asia and today's Asians. Here the intelligent journalist makes an important contribution to a more enlightened American attitude. The book is slightly weaker on historical background, and perhaps least effective as the statement of a philosophical thesis and its demonstration.

In the chapter on Burma one must note, for instance, that the extraordinary Buddhist culture centered in the ancient capitals of Pagan, Ava, and Amarapura is not mentioned.

Burma in 1954, Schecter says, was the only parliamentary democracy in Southeast Asia; but Indonesia was also a parliamentary democracy at the time, and the Philippines had all the forms of a functioning republic. The nineteenth-century deterioration of Buddhist discipline in Burma he attributes, quoting Donald Eugene Smith, to changing political, economic, and social conditions. The British colonial government, however, was instrumental in this, denying to the principal abbots of Lower Burma the right to police their own *sangha*, or body of monks, and this on the pretext that conferring such authority would constitute colonial "interference" with local religious practice. (This reviewer, who was pleased to read an early version of the Burma chapter, wishes he might have seen a later one and, possibly, been more helpful on these and other details of Burmese history.) One has a feeling that facts are sometimes forced into a frame of reference imposed by the author's experiences in Vietnam; events in the Buddhist life of Ceylon or Burma or Tibet might have changed his viewpoint.

A more basic weakness is the author's personifying of Buddhism and his conferring upon it the traits and attributes of a living character in a cosmic drama. The cultural anthropologists call this anthropomorphization, and it is a bad tool in history or the study of cultures. Buddhism will not "do" something, or "fail" to do something. Buddhists, however, will; and the distinction between the set of beliefs first preached by the Lord Buddha and the Buddhists who practice (or fail to practice) these must be constantly kept in mind in order not to weaken the intellectual thrust of an otherwise exceptionally useful book.

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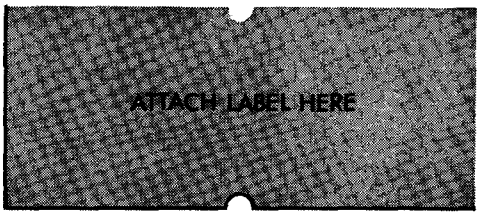

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Washing the Hate Away

Villages in Indonesia, *edited by Koentjaraningrat (Cornell University Press. 445 pp. $10), containing essays by sociologists and anthropologists, deals with the country's ethnic and social diversity. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., spent three years in Indonesia in the State Department Foreign Service.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

WHILE the bizarre conduct of President Sukarno, the occasional but stunning violence of which the Indonesian people are capable, and the immaturity that is emerging as the country's leading political characteristic have all come in for their share of public attention in recent years, serious studies revelatory of the deeper life of Indonesia have been few. Yet the nation is marked by enormous geographic and ethnic diversity, with social, religious, and economic mores that have separate, and largely unrelated, existences on the thousand islands that make up the state.

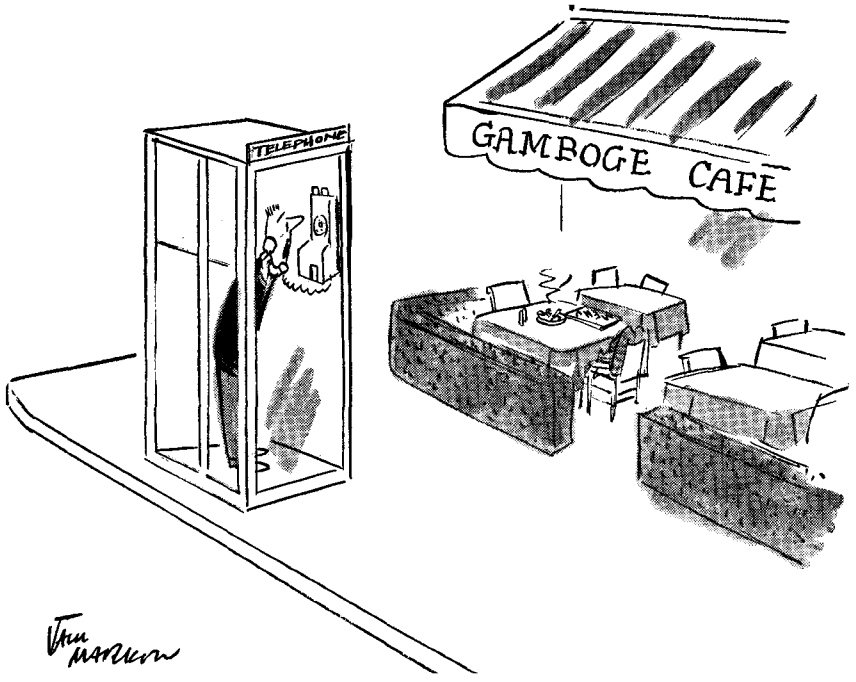
Now a new collection of essays, edited by the country's best-known sociologist, Koentjaraningrat, conveys, in the simple and direct reportorial style of the sociologists and anthropologists who are the book's major contributors, some sense of that diversity. The total effect that the essays produce is one that every U.S. policy-maker ought to ponder.

The book is not flawless, nor is it easy to read. It is sprinkled with too many Indonesian words, which seem to be used even where the English word would do as well. The simplicity of the language instills, after a while, a sense of colorlessness: one wishes for some sharper phrasings, and one wishes, too, for willingness on the part of the authors to draw conclusions rather than merely to present data. Each essay reads as though it had been written for a professional journal.

Yet the basic material with which the authors deal is fascinating. Life in the villages of Indonesia is rich in its variety, starting with the agricultural patterns and extending to the way the village worships, the way it stratifies its society, the way it shows its respect and its hostility, the elements that it reveres and the elements it despises.

IN a village in West Irian, for example, a woman can pay her husband no worse insult than to indicate that she might be able to get along without him; "he can answer only by brute force," writes Gottfried Oosterwal in his chapter on "Muremarew: A Dual Organized Village on the Mamberamo, West Irian." When a husband does thus reply, the result is a bloody fight that comes to involve most of the villagers and the six sacred flutes kept in the *kone*, or cult house. The battle is ended when the men are urged by their wives to "cut the sabar tree": a great tree is chopped down, flung into a stream, and the hatred is washed away. "No one will talk about this conflict again," writes Oosterwal.

Perhaps it is unfair to a book that says so much, and in so much detail, to relate it not only to Indonesia but to Vietnam. Yet the parallel is insistent: Vietnam offers the same ethnic variety and the same diversity of response—so different from the response of the Westerner. A reading of *Villages in Indonesia* suggests that extensive foreign intervention in the affairs of that country could only elicit an Indonesian reaction far different from the one the intervention was aimed at producing. Regardless of the decency of the foreign power's intentions (even, in this case, if it were the central government on Djakarta, whose members are mostly Javanese), the construction the villagers would put on them would be unpredictable—except that one may assume it would be neither generous nor kind. The authors, of course, do not enter into any such generalizations as this over another part of Southeast Asia, but at a time when the U.S. is agonizing it might be worth consideration.



"Gamboge Café? I'd like to speak to Pierre, my waiter."

Bobbs-Merrill

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Crime Wave

THE CONVICTION that crime pays off at the box office is firmly entrenched in Hollywood, and it is a melancholy fact that far more of our nation's hoodlums, gangsters, and wild ones in general have been enshrined cinematically than our more worthy historical figures. Few indeed are the films built around philanthropists, pacifists, and scientific wonder-workers, but from Billy the Kid to Dillinger, a long line of antiheroes has stalked the screen, guns in hands. It might be an interesting project for some student of cinema economics and folkways to tot up the hundreds of millions spent by studios to illustrate historic crime, and perhaps balance this with the sickly sums spent on portraying artists, statesmen, notable teachers, and other benefactors of society, with which our history is also filled. No doubt about it—Hollywood is firmly crime oriented because it knows that the public will buy violence; it always has, and presumably it always will. The new Production Code has given filmmakers more leeway than ever, and undoubtedly a new form is burgeoning: the picture of "mature violence."

An example of this form is *Bonnie and Clyde*, and I should say at once that filmically it represents a high point in the directional work of Arthur Penn; that it is exceedingly well made; that it has an astonishingly good performance by Warren Beatty as Clyde Barrow, the baby-faced bank robber of the early Depression days; that it captures fairly accurately a sense of the period; and that it attempts to understand the twisted natures of the young man and his girl, Bonnie Parker, who went on a prolonged bank-robbing and killing spree in the Southwest some thirty-five years ago. Several good actors—Michael Pollard, Gene Hackman, Denver Pyle, and Estelle Parsons among them—are employed to give reality and, at times, almost documentary flavor to the violent tale; and, to add folk flavor—for Bonnie and Clyde did, curiously, become folk figures in certain areas of the Southwest—some amateurs are used, too. The only artificial acting note is struck now and again by Faye Dunaway, as Bonnie, for she seems to have difficulty in overcoming her thespian training.

What is bothersome about the picture is that David Newman and Robert Benton, the writers, aren't able to make clear their own attitudes toward the two criminals. They show the sexual impotence of Clyde, make something Freudian about both his and Bonnie's love for guns, and imply that the depressed economic times have much to do with their brief life of crime; but they also imply that Clyde is a psychopath and would remain one, even after finally achieving sexual satisfaction with Bonnie. Nor are they quite sure whether Bonnie and Clyde are stark figures of tragedy, or merely two wayward kids, caught in a whirlwind they can't control. They lean toward the former, but Penn's realistic and at times poetic camera leans towards the latter, and about all one is left with at the end is that crime may be fun for a while, but that it results in literally a dead end. Even so, the film is unusual, and even fascinating, in its depiction of the reactions to the crime wave by people who had no reason to love banks, and of the sheer seeming normality of the way of life of the criminals. But will the picture do well because of its more probing aspects, or because of the vivid violence with which it is filled? Warner Brothers, I am sure, knows the answer.

Over at Fox they had another crime wave going at the same time, this one the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, recreated by that low-budget master of violence, Roger Corman, who, having proven himself, was this time given the millions he was obviously entitled to. Mr. Corman and his screenwriter, Howard Browne, have meticulously researched the details of that classic event in American crime history and have filled in the backgrounds of the main participants, both killers and killed. We meet Jason Robards as Al Capone, George Segal as the smiling killer, Peter Gusenberg, Ralph Meeker as Bugs Moran, and a host of others with the requisite plug-ugly faces. Chicago having changed, the events were recreated in the streets of the studio lot. An arsenal of sawed-off shotguns and machine guns was obtained, a fleet of 1928 and 1929 model cars was rented, and the dress is of the period, too. So the flavor is there, and yet it all seems fake. Corman's direction is competent, but somehow pedestrian; it never lifts the material into real life—which it was. The main reason may be that the characters are presented not as they were, but as stock figures. They drink, they dance, they yell, and above all, they shoot; but the sick, psychopathic rationale behind their behavior is missing. In an attempt to remain objective, Corman and Mr. Browne simply manage to be superficial. Will the picture sell? With all that shooting—naturally.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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The Pas de Deux, Marital Style

LEE, MASS.

HUSBAND-AND-WIFE teams in the very special world of ballet are by no means unusual. They have been with us since the early 1700s, when ballet, as a theatrical profession, was barely out of its teens. Today, there are many such duos, some involving junior artists; others, great stars. The Soviet Union, perhaps more than any country, can point to a striking number of married couples who are adored by the public: the Bolshoi Ballet's Ekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasiliev, and the Kirov's Alla Sizova and Yuri Soloviev among them. France, of course, has its Zizi Jeanmaire and Roland Petit; England and Denmark have several, and, of course, the United States can point to George Balanchine (choreographer) and a battery of ballerina wives.

The newest, and one of the brightest and most versatile, of the husband-and-wife ballet teams is that of the Danish-born Toni Lander and the American Bruce Marks, both principals of the American Ballet Theatre. This spring, they were the pair selected to dance the leads in the New York premiere of the American Ballet Theatre's sumptuous new production of the four-act *Swan Lake*. But they are not staking their careers upon that one association.

Miss Lander, naturally, has entrée to the highly exclusive Royal Danish Ballet of which she is a graduate, and both she and her husband have danced on the great old stage of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen (a rare privilege for a foreigner such as Mr. Marks—among Americans, only Maria Tallchief and Edward Villella preceded him).

The two, married just over a year, expect to make the American Ballet Theatre their dance headquarters, but the branching out as guest artists with other companies, with symphony orchestras, and on festival programs is high on the agenda.

Miss Lander and Mr. Marks were the ballet headliners for the fourth week of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's current ten-week season at Lee, Massachusetts. Ballet duos usually have problems finding fresh material for such occasions. The result? Again and again audiences will see such great old chestnuts as "Black Swan," the adagio from Act II of *Swan Lake* ("The White Swan"), the Grand Pas de Deux from *Don Quixote*, *The Nutcracker* Pas de Deux, "The Bluebirds" (from *The Sleeping Beauty*), and that just about does it.

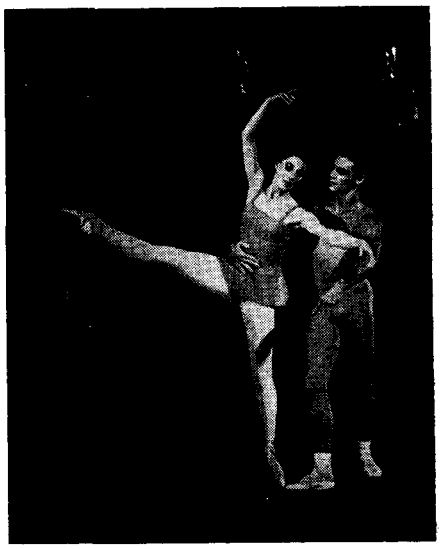
For the Pillow, Lander and Marks departed from the standard repertory used by most pairs and gave their audiences the beautiful *pas de deux* from Kenneth MacMillan's *Concerto* (to music of Shostakovich), produced by the American Ballet Theatre in America as recently as last May, and never before performed in excerpt. It is a perfect dance for the two, for, although it is not composed of the traditional entrée, adagio, two solos (one for the male and one for the female), and the coda, which constitute the *grand pas de deux*, it provides the dancers with a sustained, uninterrupted romantic *adage*, a cool yet tender love song in dance.

The blonde Miss Lander, though svelte of shape, is a big girl—after all, she comes from the land of the Vikings—and she is fortunate that her partner-husband is a strapping six-footer, for any ballerina, on *pointe*, is five inches taller than when standing flat. Mr. Marks, black-haired, is visually ideal for his wife and physically big enough to lift her high into space with ease.

For Jacob's Pillow, the two not only

—*Martha Swope.*

Bruce Marks and Toni Lander—"the newest, and one of the brightest and most versatile, of the husband-and-wife teams."



—*Martha Swope.*

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Left, in Kenneth MacMillan's *Concerto*—"a cool yet tender love song in dance." Right, in a classical *pas de deux*—"showpiece for dancers."

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danced the poetic MacMillan excerpt from *Concerto* but also an adapted version of the *Sylvia* Pas de Deux originally created for Maria Tallchief by Balanchine. Since both Lander and Marks are virtuosi, the *Sylvia* is an ideal, and not overworked, showpiece for dancers who can spin like tops, bound like rubber balls, balance in defiance of Newton's law, and, in general, move with a celerity not given to ordinary mortals.

Sharing this Jacob's Pillow bill with the ballet stars were Norman Walker, with Cora Cahan, and his company of modern dancers. The juxtaposition of the two dance units made for fascinating contrasts, both esthetic and historic. For, by chance, Miss Cahan and Mr. Marks, though dancing separately, were on the same bill on a stage which had witnessed their joint debuts at Jacob's Pillow as child dancers a good many years ago. They had played the boy and the girl being initiated by the tribe into adulthood in Pearl Lang's *Rites*, a modern dance work of great distinction.

From *Rites*, Mr. Marks grew up to become Miss Lang's partner and then, in a carefully planned change, to become, through rigorous training, a classical *premier danseur*. Miss Cahan stayed with modern dance and emerged not only as Mr. Walker's radiant partner but also as a modern dance star of remarkable gifts both as a mistress of lyric action and as a fine dramatic dancer.

This was the historic contrast. The esthetic one had to do with the Walker-Cahan version of a romantic duet, a serenade in movement, Walker's *Meditation of Orpheus* (to music of Hovhaness). The tenderness, the mutual love, the touchings of hands and limbs and bodies present in the MacMillan ballet adagio were to be found in a totally different style in Walker's haunting and emotionally powerful distillation of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth.

Another contrasting relationship was to be found in the Walker company's revival of May O'Donnell's *Suspension*, an abstract study in movement to a score composed by Miss O'Donnell's husband, Ray Green. It was created nearly a quarter of a century ago and until this revival had never been danced by anyone other than Miss O'Donnell. Miss Cahan, representing a new dance generation, assumed the leading role and performed it with brilliance, in reflecting myriads of body suspensions in space, which quite matched the suspenseful balances on *pointe* of the ballet's dazzling Toni Lander.

And where but at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, presided over by the dean of American dancers, Ted Shawn, could you find history echoed and history made, contrasts and similarities defined, education and entertainment so astutely mingled? —Walter Terry.

TV AND RADIO

A Harmless Deception?

DID NBC NEWS and Soviet authorities harmlessly deceive American television viewers in the network's recent one-hour special, *Khrushchev in Exile—His Opinions and Revelations*? NBC News has been less than candid in explaining how it came by the film and sound tapes showing the former Soviet Premier in retirement. The circumstances behind the program, consequently, take on an air of mystery and invite journalistic conjecture. They overshadow the show itself, which was a mild, interesting, and useful clue to the puzzle, "Whatever became of Nikita?" If the theory expounded here is correct, it suggests that we are currently on an upbeat bounce of our yo-yo relations with Russia, which is comforting. If the theory is incorrect, mark it up to summer fantasy inspired by the liveliest foreign intrigue story of the dull re-run season.

NBC News said that it "obtained the film and other materials for the documentary from private sources inside the Soviet Union and in other countries. . . ." The film that updated us on Khrushchev showed him bored, lonely, and rather sad at his country home near Moscow—living with his wife, a few servants, a dog, practicing amateur photography, and occasionally receiving visits from children. Of sharper interest were family photographs of his early days as a farmhand's child, revealing poverty, struggle, and tragedy.

Khrushchev's reminiscences, on sound tape with translation, traced briefly his rise to power, with Edwin Newman in the NBC reporter's seat judiciously balancing accounts with just the right amount of knowing criticism. The ex-Premier's translated comments on Eisenhower, Nixon, Lodge, Kennedy, and Mao Tse-tung revealed him, not surprisingly, to be an astute judge of men. His version of the Cuba crisis portrayed him as a courageous defender of a Socialist country, eager at the same time for peace in a nuclear world. The image of Khrushchev, in spite of the NBC weighting, was distinctly favorable to the man, and inseparably to the Soviet Union.

For the current Soviet leaders, the program said, in effect: See how liberal conditions are in Russia; it was possible to smuggle out of the country, without our knowledge, such outspoken reminiscences of a leader who was deposed with civility. This viewer, having been, in 1962, a member of an ABC Television team that shot the first American network documentary in Russia, suggests that it is unrealistic to suppose that the relevant authorities were unaware of what Nikita was up to. Print media accounts have identified Victor Louis, a Russian journalist in Moscow, as the man who secured the crucial film and sound tapes. It is unlikely that he would jeopardize his situation for this one exploit: Mr. Louis has profitably served other American media in the past by securing material with the cooperation of the Soviet authorities.

Khrushchev's restraint in his remarks serves as another argument against the notion that he deliberately challenged Communist leaders by giving out his material without their knowledge. His comments were all on past events and Americans out of office. Conspicuous by their absence were any remarks about contemporary Russian or American politicians, or about his own deposition.

NBC News has been careful, in attributing the material to "private sources inside the Soviet Union," to ignore whether the authorities did or did not know about the arrangements. The inference, in the absence of the truth, is that they did not know—this is intriguing and helps to build audiences. Thus, the network, for its own promotional purposes, and the Soviet Union, for its propaganda purposes, permitted the deception. In any good *I Spy* intrigue, there must be a good cover. In this show, there was. Novosti Press Agency [See "'Contacts' for Sale," *SR*, May 13] announced in Moscow the morning after the first NBC showing of the program that a planned NBC production on Soviet prisons was being postponed because of *Khrushchev in Exile*. The network's wrist was being slapped; but it was a gentle slap. The NBC producer who cabled the rebuke said: "I have the clear impression that NBC-Novosti relations in general are not in jeopardy."

The Soviet Union has not yet reached the level of relative freedom of expression where American television cameras could come to Khrushchev and transmit his uncensored and uninhibited reminiscences. Short of that, a carefully controlled exposure of the political exile, serving the Russian purpose by its content and manner of communication, is a step in the right direction. As for NBC, a mature news organization doesn't really need a cloak and dagger; but in a sacred war with that capitalist, A.C. Nielsen, the blandishment is forgivable.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Melville Revisited

HERE by the waterfront Ishmael took his first daylight stroll through the streets of New Bedford, and although the cockbilled yards he passed have long since been replaced by draggers' gallows frames and scallopers' booms, there remains much to see in this famous whaling port. Few sails darken the harbor; no longer do old salts hawk scrimshaw carved from whalebone in the marketplace. That passed with the days of whaling, when, with the introduction of kerosene, and later the losses to the whaling fleet during the Civil War, the industry began to decline, finally leaving New Bedford for good.

You pass Kelly's Boatyard, where the *Acushnet* was fitted out for Herman Melville's historic voyage in 1841, a voyage on which he learned much of the whaling lore he used in his tale of the white cachalot. New Bedford, Massachusetts, a city of some 100,000, is now "Scallop Capital of the World." The last whaler unloaded its oil here in 1925—but it is still possible to take Melville's voyage. An excellent whaling museum, the Jonathan Bourne, offers many replicas of whaling ships and equipment, including a half-scale model of the bark *Lagoda;* on Popes Island in the Acushnet River is a 1,300-foot-long Whaling Panorama (said to be the precursor of today's travel film) based on a world voyage by the whaleship *Kutusoff*. Many sites described in *Moby Dick* are still standing: the old houses along County Street; the Custom House designed by American architect Robert Mills; the Candle Works, where spermaceti candles were once manufactured; the Counting House and Sail Loft; and, especially, the Whaleman's Chapel on Johnny Cake Hill.

"In this same New Bedford," Melville wrote in the seventh chapter of *Moby Dick*, "there stands a Whaleman's Chapel, and few are the moody fishermen, shortly bound for the Indian Ocean or Pacific, who fail to make a Sunday visit to the spot. I am sure that I did not."

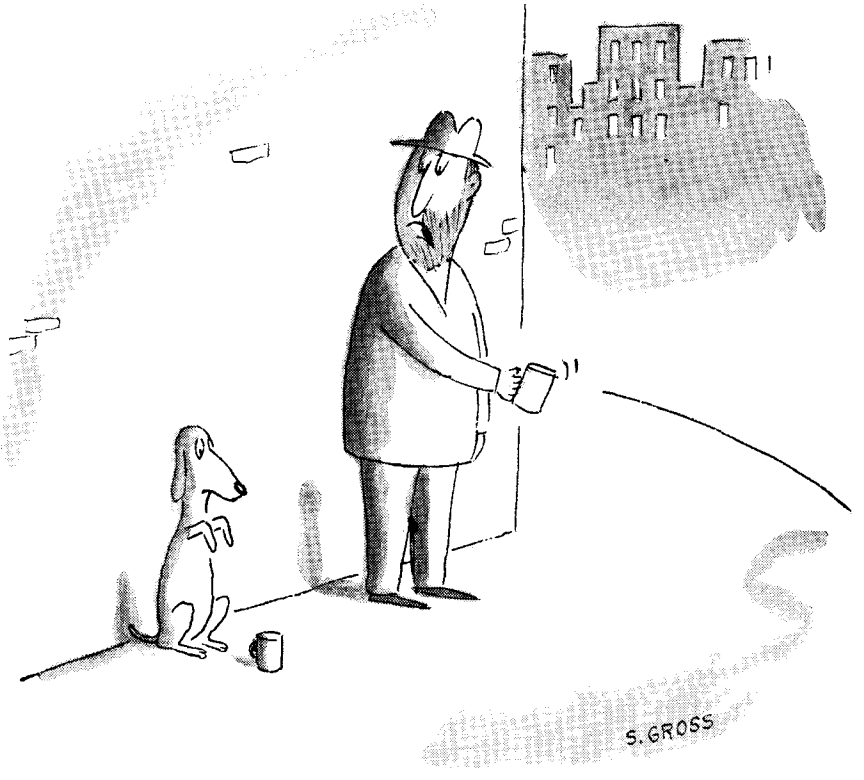
The author of *Moby Dick* had visited the Whaleman's Chapel not only in imagination but in fact. It was at this chapel—Seaman's Bethel on Johnny Cake Hill, operated by the New Bedford Port Society—that Melville attended services before shipping out aboard the *Acushnet*. Nearing the chapel from the old cobblestone street, one notices the upright lines of the four-square, octagonal-steepled church. The picturesque building, as a sign notes above the doorway, was dedicated in 1832, and has been used since then without interruption. Standing at the top of Johnny Cake Hill, it could be seen by every incoming whaler.

THE interior of the chapel, reached by a short flight of stairs past the chaplain's office, is as unpretentious as the outside of the building. Some of the furnishings, notably the foot-powered organ in the choir loft, are as old as the chapel itself. Although Melville did not mention it in his description, a custom of the church called for the congregation to turn around to face the choir loft while they were singing hymns. One visiting preacher, unaware of the custom, is said to have been insulted when the worshippers turned around, and he retaliated by preaching his entire sermon with his back to the congregation.

On each side of the pulpit are the "marble tablets with black borders masoned into the walls" that Melville noted but "did not pretend to quote accurately." There are more of these plaques now than when he attended services, each dedicated to the memory of sailors who died tragic deaths away from home: those who had drowned, or were lost at sea, or were killed while pursuing the whale.

The pulpit itself is probably the most extraordinary attraction in the Bethel. From it, Melville heard a text by Father Enoch Mudge, parts of which he may have put to use in "The Sermon" chapter of his epic novel. This, however, is not exactly the pulpit Melville described. He depicted "a very lofty pulpit" with a "perpendicular side ladder, like those used in mounting a ship from a boat at sea." This ladder, he wrote, was designed to save the space that stairs would waste in the small area of the chapel. Melville's Father Mapple, after climbing the rope ladder to the pulpit hand over hand, "pulled up the ladder step by step, till the whole was deposited within, leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec." There is no ladder at all on the bowsprit in Seaman's Bethel, and the bowsprit itself has been scaled down for practical reasons, the pulpit much closer to the ground. Neither does its lean and sharp face suggest "the likeness of a ship's bluff bows" that Melville depicted.

Some observers claim that the ladder pulpit existed only in Melville's imagination. There is more evidence, however, to suggest that he had seen exactly what he described in *Moby Dick*. One critic suggests that the original pulpit may have been destroyed in the 1866 fire which gutted the building. And, when the Reverend Charles Thurber, who served as chaplain of Seaman's Bethel from 1925 to 1956, began to install a pulpit identical to the one in *Moby Dick*,



"Scram!"

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signs of old cement work were found on the bedrock beneath the building, indicating that a similar pulpit could have been there in the past. The replica Mr. Thurber erected was ordered removed by a church committee on the grounds that it distracted from the divine worship (although Melville had remarked that the pulpit was "by no means in bad taste").

It was Melville's practice not to invent places and situations, but to take them from real life—perhaps because no imagination ever could keep up with the newspapers. In any event, most of his creations have their parallels in real life. Even Moby Dick was patterned on a real whale—Mocha Dick—who was far more extraordinary than his fictional counterpart. Although Melville did visit Seaman's Bethel and used it as the Whaleman's Chapel in *Moby Dick*, it is not certain, however, that his "Father Mapple" was based entirely on Father Enoch Mudge, the first pastor of Seaman's Bethel. The similarity of initials suggests that he was. Unfortunately, none of Father Mudge's sermons have survived for a comparison with the Jonah story in *Moby Dick*, but the pastor was in his prime when Melville heard him in 1840. He had had long experience in preaching the gospel to audiences he sought out on the waterfront, and it is almost certain that Melville was inspired by this man of action—Father Mudge—who pushed a small organ down to the docks in a wheelbarrow in order to give services for departing ships, and who used salty language and whaling imagery to instruct his congregation. Probably Father Mapple was a composite of both Father Mudge and Father E. T. Taylor, a Boston preacher whose words inspired Emerson and the Transcendentalists, and Melville himself. (It has been noted that a painting Melville described in the chapel scene, "a gallant ship beating against a terrible storm off a lee coast of black rocks," hung in back of Taylor's pulpit.)

Before leaving New Bedford, as one sits at the back of the chapel in an aisle commemorated today by a gold plaque bearing Melville's name, one can imagine hearing Father Mapple's words. The author of *Moby Dick* made Father Mapple's peroration alive forever in this setting, and his words are a central point for understanding *Moby Dick*. Thus the chapel is the place to see first before visiting the many other sites that figure so prominently in that Great American Novel and great tale of the sea.

—ROBERT HENDRICKSON.

Robert Hendrickson is a free-lance writer whose articles have appeared in numerous publications.

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WIT TWISTER #19

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post*).

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

We watched the — — — — — —
that skimmed the ocean
And circled the — — — — — — with
a graceful motion.
We envied them, for they dance
and play,
And have no taxes or — — — — —
to pay.

(*Answer on page* 57)

Subsidized Films

Continued from page 17

concerned with such an artificial and unnecessary stimulus when it is obviously not needed for commercial viability? The answer has to do with our role as citizens. The motion picture is (or could be) as important a contribution to our cultural climate as other forms of performing arts such as music, ballet, and the theater—all of which are the recipients of various grants and subsidies from public-spirited citizens, foundations, city or state funds, and cultural commissions. As responsible members of a community and of a nation, we are pleased and proud to subsidize such institutions as representative of our interest in the arts. Why should we not manifest equal pride and pleasure in the art of the cinema and consider similar subsidizations?

Perhaps government aid may not be the most desirable approach, since subvention could easily lead to subversion. But another avenue of assistance may be worthy of consideration. This would be from the American film industry itself. We might well reflect on the advisability of channeling a specific portion of our dollar gains from commercial (nonartistic) films into art ventures rather than to discuss or seek outside bounty. We could easily install a system of self-taxation, the proceeds to be utilized for the sponsorship and development of art films. It would be ironic if our very skill in producing and purveying mediocrity would provide us with the needed excess funds to abet film-making on an artistic level: Ironic, indeed, if we could be our own Maecenas.

The potential advantages of such an undertaking are self-evident, for it is only by experimentation—by trying the untried—that any art form remains vibrant and alive. To liberate our filmmakers from continually re-enforcing the low taste level of the mass audience would permit them to slowly but inevitably attract new and larger audiences as greater numbers of people are exposed to films of quality. This would not only be a step forward in our cultural progression, but might even become a profitable investment in the long run.

But whether such aid comes from the film industry or from any other source, it seems apparent that subsidization may be the only means for the American film industry to recapture its onetime undisputed leadership in the single new art form produced in the twentieth century. For as Mr. Stevens announced rather bleakly when accepting the stewardship of the American Film Institute, "Let's face it, the art of motion pictures [in America] has seen better times."

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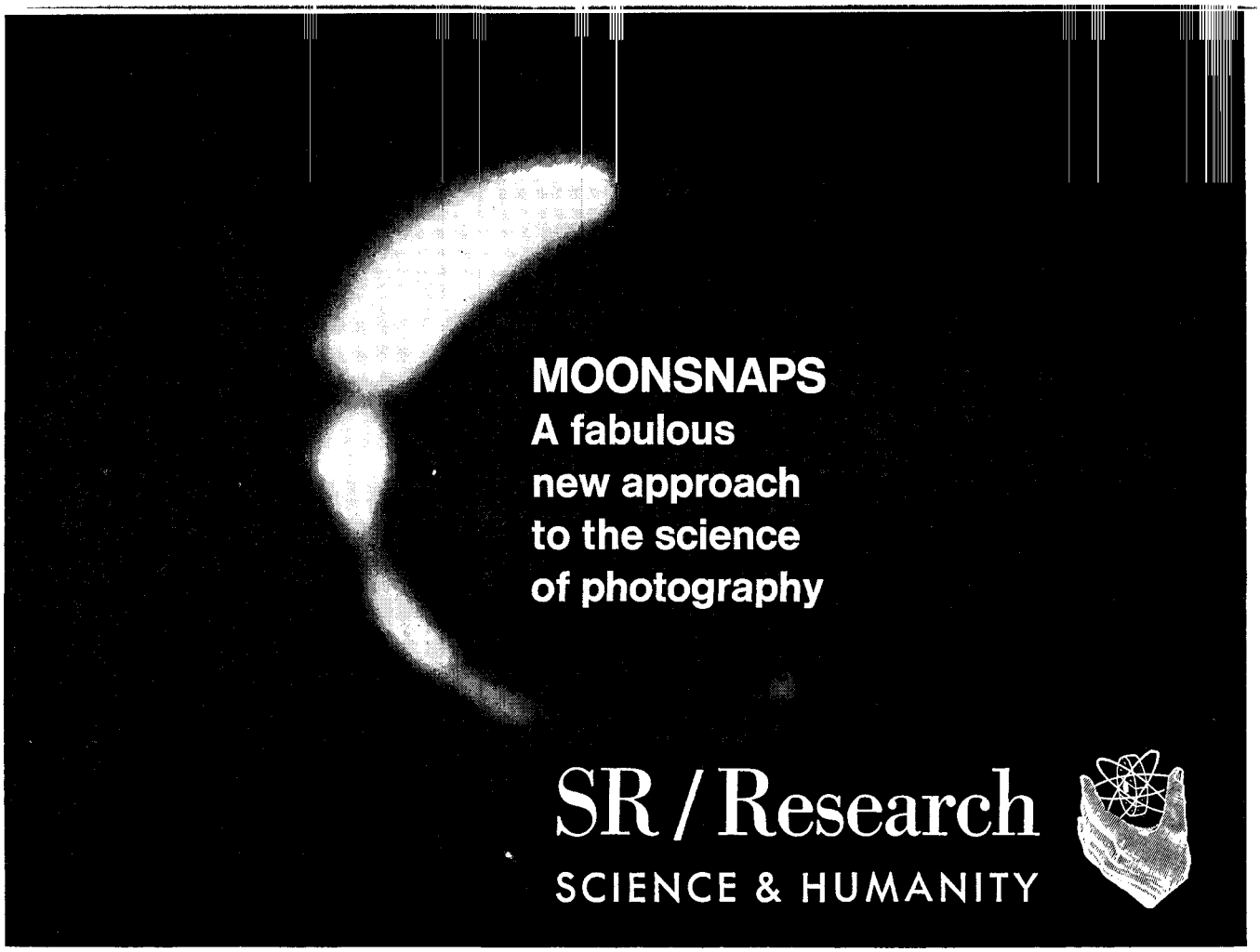

BETWEEN a sunrise and a sunset on planet Earth's moon lies a stretch of time equal to fourteen consecutive earthly day-nights of twenty-four hours each. And it was just about twenty hours after a lunar dawn—four minutes past midnight, Greenwich Meridian Time, on earth-day 110 of the year 1967 (April 20 by the old-style, pre-Sputnik calendar)—that a robot photographer dropped onto the sloping east wall of a natural oval-shaped bowl 650 feet long and 150 feet wide and 230 miles south of the great moon crater Copernicus.

Having safely crossed 241,368 miles of sky from the Atlantic coast of Florida, U.S.A., the robot lowered itself by reverse rocket power incredibly close to the spot picked long before by the earthlings who had christened the robot Surveyor III. The moment was full of pride for three generations of the photographer's ancestors: parents at the Hughes Aircraft Company in Culver City, California; grandparents at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of California Institute of Technology in Pasadena; great-grandparents at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington, D.C.

The robot's arrival on the moon did not, however, precisely accord with the plans of Surveyor III's launchers. Had all their hopes been realized, the report that follows could not be written yet. The ingenuity called into play by wayward circumstance would not have been provoked. The fabulous new science of moonsnapping would still be a wonder in embryo.

To put it plainly, Surveyor III did not land softly or quietly. It bounced, with a huffing and puffing of its retro engines. It bounced not only once but twice—sailing on the second (and, presumably, the lesser) bounce across thirty to forty feet of lunar terrain. Both bounces were downhill. After landing the third time, the robot shifted the position of its three legs and stopped with its body inclined almost 15 degrees to the horizontal.

Because of this unexpected adventure, Surveyor III's picture-taking ability was affected. The rocket exhaust that continued during the bouncing apparently blasted lunar surface particles upward to either abrade or fog patches of the camera eye. And the robot's skewed stance prevented the eye from seeing the lunar surface beyond the rim of the bowl in which the robot stood.

But from these discouraging limitations a dramatic opportunity emerged.

Surveyor III's launchers had, of course, known that the earth would eclipse the sun on earth-day 114. They had not expected to record this event through the robot photographer's eyes, for a level posture at the chosen landing site—2.94 degrees south lunar latitude, 23.34 degrees west longitude—would not allow a scan of the segment of sky in which earth was due to cross the sun's face. When the direction of the robot's accidental tilt became known, however, the humans on the Surveyor III camera crew saw a slim chance that earth might be brought into the camera sights at the time of the eclipse.

How slim the chance was can be adequately judged only if some details of Surveyor III's picture-taking equipment are known. The camera is a rugged cylinder 22 inches high and 5.5 inches in

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MOONSNAPS—
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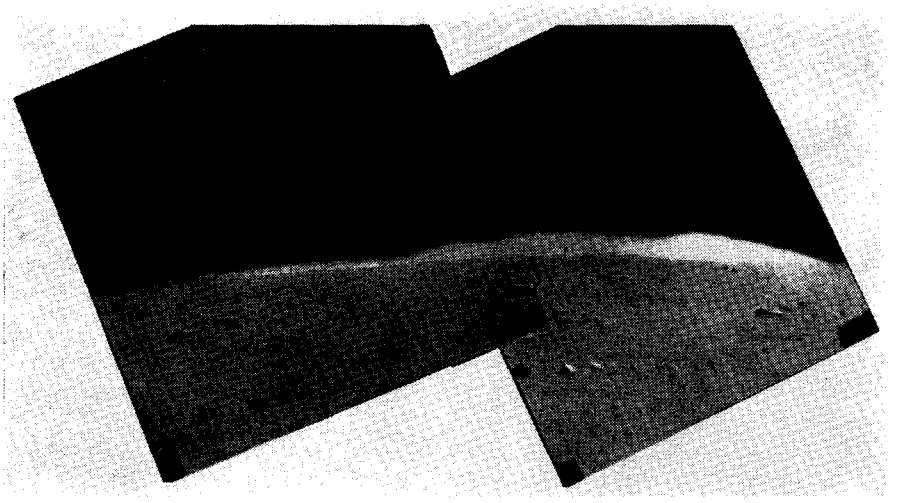
diameter, with a rounded top that gives an overall appearance of a human photographer whose parka-covered head is so elevated as to peer directly into the eyes of any five-foot eight-inch human who might be standing on the moon. Inside the cylinder, near its base, is a glass bottle six inches long and an inch across (designed by Miss Ann Hutchinson, 29-year-old daughter of a Dallas high school physics and chemistry teacher; she works for the General Electrodynamics Corporation in the Texas town of Garland, "half an inch northeast of Dallas"), setting straight up, with its light-sensitive face plate pointed through a zoom lens at an oval mirror (5.5 inches high, 2.5 inches broad) hinged within the camera hood. The hood revolves through a complete circle to sweep the horizon, and the mirror, pivoted at the midpoint of the long axis of the oval, swings downward far enough to watch Surveyor III's feet and upward far enough to watch the sky.

When the camera hood opening pointed into the bowl in which the robot landed, the leaning posture of Surveyor III held the camera eye below the top of the opposite wall of the crater. But when the hood swung in the opposite direction, the eye could see a much higher swath of sky than it could have seen if Surveyor III's footing had been level. By stepping the mirror up as far as it would go, there was a theoretical chance of seeing the earth black out the sun.

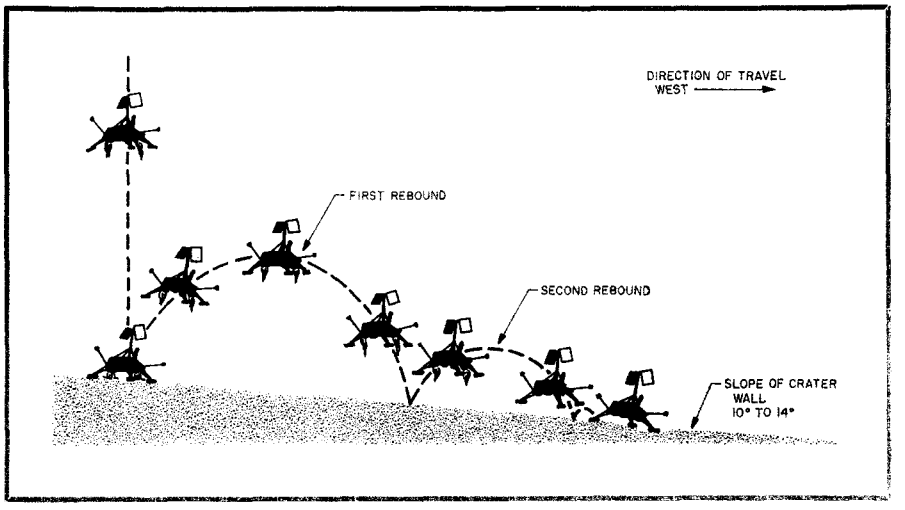
That was the extremity of the chance. Surveyor III's tutors on earth instructed the robot to take it. The hood swung around. The mirror stepped up to its maximum. And on the farthest edge of the mirror appeared the fiery image that dominates the cover of this issue of *Saturday Review*.

Now the earth had been photographed from the lunar neighborhood before. One such picture was reproduced in these pages eight months ago [*SR*, Jan. 7]. It was a black and white image. The photo on the cover of this week's issue of *SR* is in color. And the story of the way the colors were transmitted and translated takes us into a little-known realm of the mathematics of light and dark.

As was stated earlier in this account of Surveyor III's triumph, the robot photographer's performance ultimately depends on Miss Hutchinson's little glass bottle. At the bottom of the bottle is a tiny gun that shoots a steady stream of electrons across a vacuum to the bottle's top, which is covered with a tenth of an inch of quartz as highly polished as the lenses of the finest telescopes. The quartz wafer is coated on its underside with a photoconductive substance, marked off by a raster just under half an inch square. Within this square are 600 rows of 600 dots each, each row

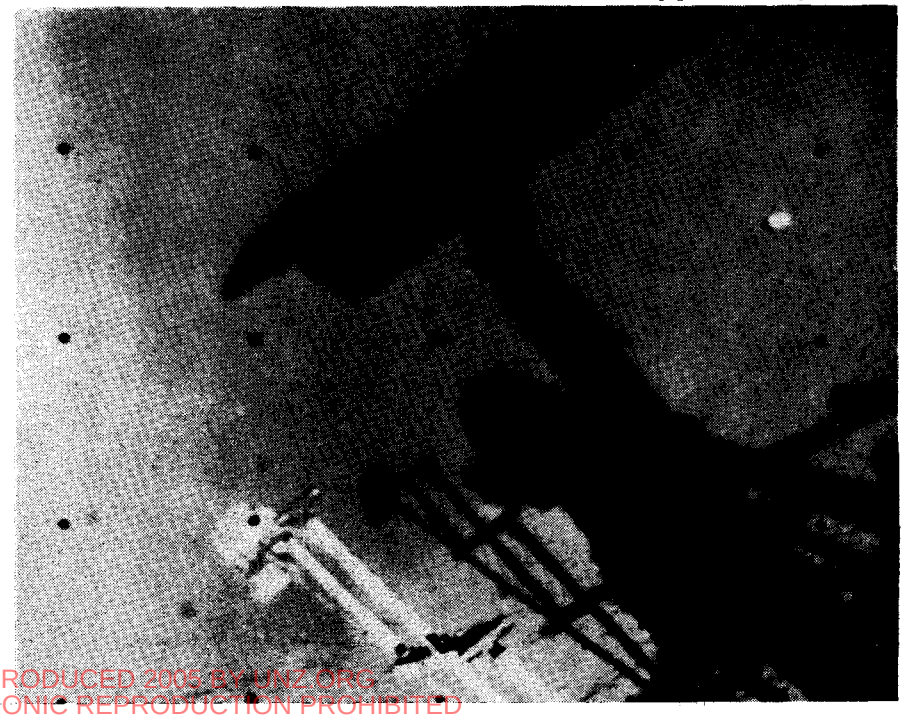


Surveyor I stood in a moon crater and photographed a mountain beyond.



But Surveyor III made a bouncy landing on the moon (see sketch, above) and so got a cockeyed view of its surroundings. Note hooded shadow peering downward at tiny power scoop (photo below).

—All illustrations on pages 46-47 courtesy JPL-NASA.



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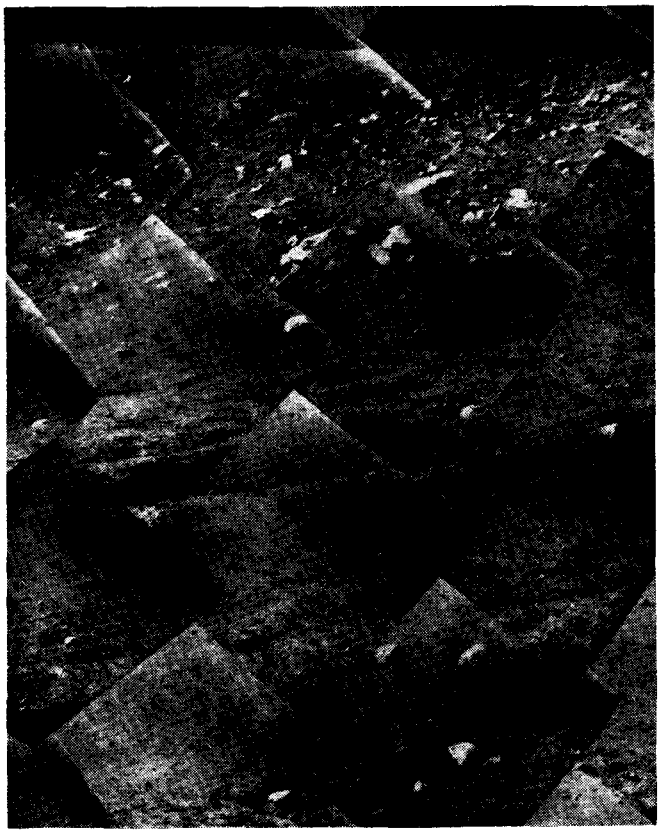
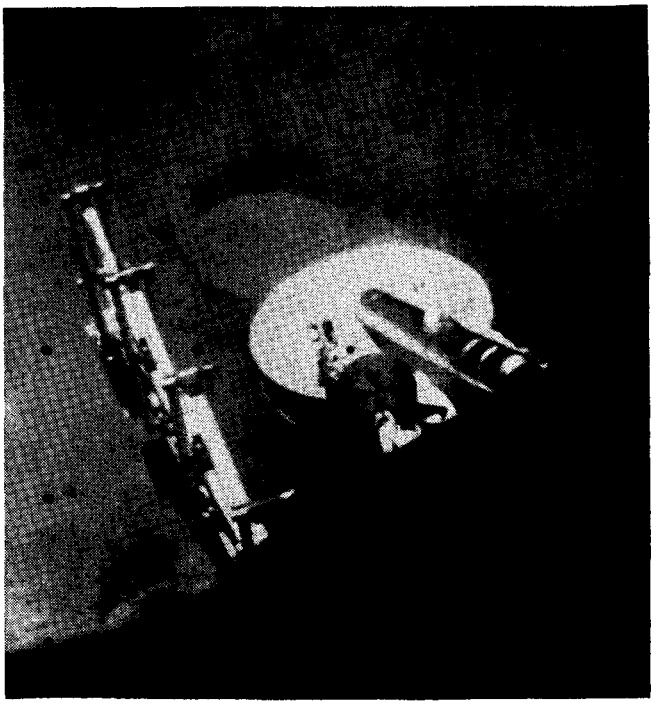
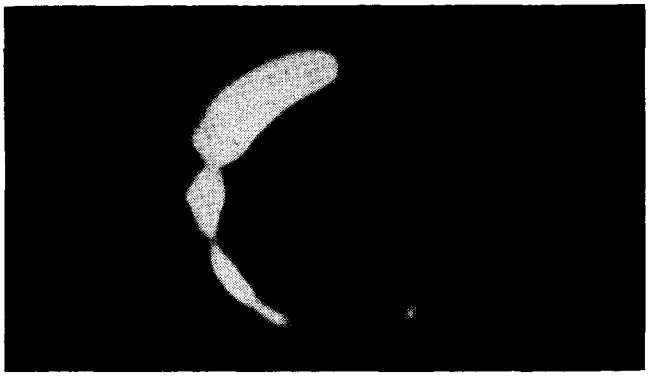
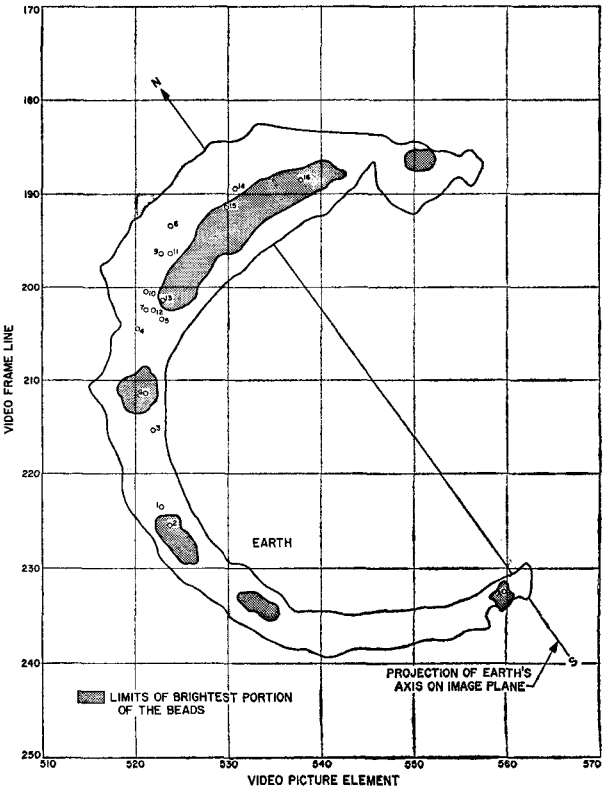




Surveyor III's closeup photos (top, left) were quite sharp and clear, however, because of the lopsided stance. Color wheel attached to robot's footpad (above) helped to study soil that scoop dug from trench in lunar surface, seen as wavy depression left of scoop.



Intensities of light beads of eclipse (above, below) became digits in TV picture graph (right). Sun was setting over Asia (graph's upper left) and rising over Southeast Pacific (graph's lower right). Comparison with weather satellite pictures shows light beads match patches of cloudless sky.


VIDEO FRAME LINE
VIDEO PICTURE ELEMENT
EARTH
PROJECTION OF EARTH'S AXIS ON IMAGE PLANE
LIMITS OF BRIGHTEST PORTION OF THE BEADS

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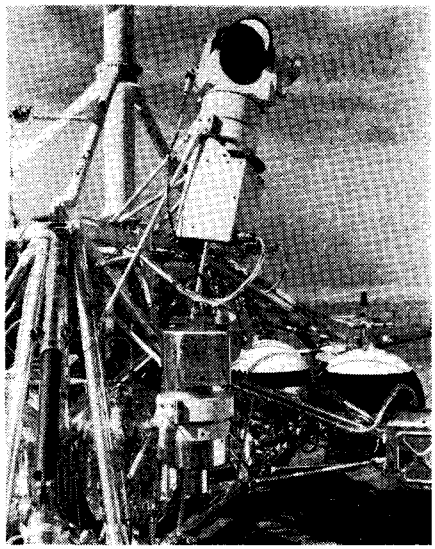
spaced at an equal distance from the rows adjoining. A constant electric charge is maintained across the whole raster. Whenever light thrown onto the bottle by the camera's mirror-eye strikes one of the dots, the charge is knocked off that dot and carried away through an indium fastener on the quartz wafer and thence through a surrounding circlet of stainless steel into the camera's electronic circuitry. The strength of the resulting signal varies with the intensity of the light, and the undulating pattern is radioed to earth.

As soon as the charge is "read out" of a dot, a new charge is placed on that dot by the endlessly repeated downward sweepings, to and fro, of the electron gun, firing without cease as long as the camera remains at work.



—*Hughes Aircraft Co.*

Working eye of robot photographer rides high on superstructure of Surveyor III. Hooded black oval masks pivoted mirror that reflects images downward through zoom lens into video tube on which shades of grey are registered and transmitted by radio to earth. When on level ground, the eye stands at height of five-foot, eight-inch human.

The production of black and white pictures by this mode is not difficult to understand. When the robot's electronic messages reach earth, they are simply converted back into a square pattern of previously designated shades of grey, 600 lines with 600 dots to a line. Miss Hutchinson's bottle, more properly called the vidicon tube, is theoretically capable of distinguishing sixty-four different hues of grey between dazzling white and pitch black. Although the actual number of grey shadings recognized by Surveyor III's camera eye was closer to a dozen, that number was ample to register sharp images.

So much for black-and-white pictures. But how are colors faithfully projected across the several hundreds of thousands of miles separating earth and moon?

Part of the process is a slowed-down version of the system that was first proposed for commercial television in America. A color wheel, made up of transparent panels of red, blue, and green, was spun in front of the lens of the commercial TV cameras to methodically break up color images into their primary components. A synchronized copy of an identical wheel was then interposed between the reception tubes and the viewing screens of TV sets in order to reconstitute the components into pictures identical in color to the televised scene. Surveyor III's color wheel did not spin but slowly rotated the red, blue, and green panels between the camera's mirror-eye and the zoom lens in order to expose the vidicon tube to a chosen target three times in relatively quick succession. There was thus no need for synchronization of speed at the receiving end of Surveyor III's color reproduction system on earth. Instead, the patterns of variably shaded grey—as those were respectively altered by removal of the electromagnetic spectrum wavelengths corresponding to red, blue, and green—were projected by a bright light, one by one, onto color film emulsions until the total effect of all three colors was restored.

Unfortunately for the fidelity of these reproductions, one of the characteristics of the Surveyor III vidicon tube was sensitivity to heat. Observed hues fluctuated in density as temperatures on the moon's surface rose. To correct for such uncertainties, a color wheel identical to the wheel within the robot camera was placed just above one of Surveyor III's three footpads, where its color panels could be photographed alongside samples of soil dug out of the lunar surface by a miniature power scoop guided from earth.

As a third source of calibration of color in Surveyor III's photographs, a complex mathematical matrix was developed from the frequency modulated electromagnetic signal train the robot photographer radioed to earth from the moon. The undulations in these messages were chopped into bits and each bit was identified by number according to its relative strength in the message train. Then the numbers were fed into a high-speed computer, which turned out an integrated set of numbers for the raster on the quartz face of the vidicon tube—including one number for each of the 600 dots on each of the 600 raster lines. These numbers were coded to the color spectrum, so that each dot ultimately received an exact value of color and hue within the complex of 360,000 dots that constituted a picture.

Dr. J. J. Rennilson, a Jet Propulsion Laboratory color specialist working under the TV project director on the Surveyor III mission—U.S. Geological Survey scientist Eugene Shoemaker of Flagstaff, Arizona—spent many days at Cape Kennedy calibrating Surveyor III's camera before the robot took off for the moon. He patiently placed nine two-inch squares of precisely measured colors in front of a light as bright as the most dazzling reflection of sunlight ever recorded on the moon, and exposed these squares to the Surveyor III camera. He rotated the nine squares repeatedly so that the colors could be viewed from every conceivable angle. He kept a meticulous record of what the camera saw. After Surveyor III arrived at its destination and radioed the pictures of the eclipse, he checked the pattern of light and shade against his entire pre-flight record of how the color samples looked. With all that data in hand, he consulted the computer. Wherever the computer numbers called for a different color than the color he had already chosen for a dot in the picture, he accepted the computer's judgment.

Mathematical precision in color reproduction has a special significance in relation to the mission of the family of Surveyors JPL has been sending to the moon (only Surveyors I and III have succeeded; II and IV have failed; Dr. Rennilson spent the last several weeks calibrating the camera on V). On earth, geologists identify rock formations in part by the coloration of the rocks. Up to now, the color pictures from the moon have not revealed much if any new information that could not have been deduced by other means. At least no such information has been announced. But the new tool is at hand and at work, and may one day be translated to earthly use. Already the Eastman Kodak Company is refining a camera film emulsion that registers color in pictures with the precision of the computer's code.

✓ ✓ ✓

ECHOES of our report of last November on the 1400 B.C. eruption of the Santorini volcano in the Aegean Sea are still being heard. At a news conference held in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in mid-July, an announcement was made of the discovery of a whole city buried by the eruption on the Greek island of Thera, one of the surviving fragments of the original Santorini island. The recovered city was described by its finders as a wealthy center of the Minoan Empire, which included the island of Crete.

James W. Mavor, Jr., of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts, reported for the expedition that uncovered the buried city. He shares Greek seismologist Angelos Galanopoulos's belief that Santorini was part of Plato's "Lost Kingdom" of Atlantis.

JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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DO WE NEED SOCIAL OBSERVATORIES?

Yale University's Phelps Professor of Law and Political Science thinks we do; he here proposes that knowledge uncovered in them be offered to the public through social planetaria.

By HAROLD D. LASSWELL

THE COMPUTER revolution has suddenly removed age-old limitations on the processing of information, including the linkage of data with competing theories of explanation. But the social sciences are data starved. They are data starved in large part because of bias on the part of public and private sources of funds against data gathering. This bias is not too difficult to explain. One reason for it is reluctance to commit funds to long-term projects; another, closely connected with this reluctance, is the hope of achieving quick success by "new theoretical breakthroughs" or by "cultivating the Einsteins of social science." We are told in effect to design beautiful houses even if we haven't any steel or glass. It is as though we were astronomers who were supposed to draw celestial designs and to neglect our telescopes. The social sciences have—with limited exceptions—been denied social observatories and told to get on with dreams.

Some of the bias against data centers comes from uncertainty about the difference between "data" and "detail." True data centers are not to be confused with collections of miscellaneous facts. The information gathered by data centers is explicitly related to scientific concepts. Nothing is recorded unless it is eligible to serve as an operational index of a defined term that is part of an analytic set of categories. The "price indices" of economic transactions, for example, are defined as "interest," "profits," "wages," "gross income" and the like. "Votes" recorded as part of political decisions are defined as part of "eligible participants" in "majority," "plurality," or similar types of alignment. Figures are not included unless they meet explicit tests of credibility. Given rigorous data gathering, the indices and indicators are available for analysis to confirm or challenge theories of various degrees of abstraction.

Let me illustrate data scarcity by reference to political science. Local government, law, and politics are phenomena of the greatest importance for understanding American life. Any serious analysis of American political and social trends, projections, and conditions depends on data from local communities that are typical of different regions.

It is not generally realized how defective our present knowledge is. We are in need of local government data about trends in expenditures that affect the accomplishment of public purposes. Equally pertinent would be information about the flow of decision by local governing bodies: for instance, decisions that affect the range of choice open to private property holders. No systematic reporting is available that keeps abreast of the flow of decisions taken by village, township, or county councils, regulatory or judicial bodies. Nothing is at hand about the issues that are raised in local elections in different parts of the country. Little is known about the trends of public attention to neighborhood, regional, or national events; or about changing positive or negative appraisals of public and private organizations. Taken in isolation from one another, these details are "trivial"; seen in context, they are the best possible data about shifting levels of tension and about rising and falling faiths, beliefs, and loyalties in the body politic.

At the state level, political scientists have outlined in detail the types of information needed to describe past and present tendencies in the focus of public attention, in promotional programs, or in legislative and administrative decision. Similarly at inter-state, regional, national, and transnational levels, the new centers for survey research would be enormously more important if their data were related to the relevant features of the political and social processes to which they relate. Until this information is at hand, not only for current affairs but in historic depth, we are left with a plethora of plausible interpretations divorced from disciplined knowledge of what they signify.

All over the country we have social scientists and students who are competent gatherers of pertinent information. They have skills equivalent to the volunteer astronomers and engineers who so effectively supplemented the data obtained by the principal observatories of the stars and of meteorological and electronic phenomena. Our schools and colleges are sources of latent talent for recording and reporting the data required to round out our very sketchy picture of the direction, magnitude, causes, and consequences of change. Generalship is required to organize a network of social observatories capable of obtaining the information needed to choose among the theoretical models of how social changes are to be understood.

As a somewhat specific example of a field where social scientific inquiry is potentially important, I cite the interplay of economics, political stability, and freedom. At the end of World War II, the United States began to spend billions of dollars in economic reconstruction and assisted development. It was often alleged that economic growth was prerequisite to political stability and freedom. Today it is abundantly clear that this is a great and often dangerous exaggeration. Current research suggests that a more complex sequence is involved. As traditional societies, which are relatively stable, are economically developed, political instability is likely to increase; and instability often carries with it the denial of such freedom as exists. At a much later phase of economic change, political institutions may again become stabilized, perhaps with high levels of freedom.

The point of this revised theory, if corroborated, is not that some "iron law" dictates the sequence, but that precautions must be taken to devise strategies

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of timing if instability and restrictions on freedom are to be avoided or kept at a minimum. Continuing research gives promise of aid in clarifying the objectives and strategies of such programs.

There is evidence that civic responsibility is a problem that becomes more acute in advanced industrial societies. Among young people, for instance, there are evidences of non-involvement, of unwillingness to commit the destiny of the self to the national cause. As society grows more complicated and new pluralistic interests come into existence, it often appears that special interests are pursued with little attempt at discovering or servicing the common good. The proliferation of pressure groups, and the occasionally scandalous evidence of their strategies, point in this direction. In the same vein we are told that more and more groups in the population—old as well as young—are concerned with what they can get from the public treasury rather than what they can do for the country.

Questions of this kind are too important, pervasive, and elusive to be disposed of with a rhetorical flourish. The interviewing, observational, and testing techniques of the social sciences are eminently adapted to explore the factors that strengthen or weaken civic responsibility among different age groups. Such questions can be explored by relatively dynamic methods; for instance, by experimental or prototypical innovations. If cumulative research is to make available the knowledge that allows new or old policies to be pursued with confidence, organized encouragement needs to be given. It may be that most of our traditional assumptions about the impact of educational experiences—in and out of school and home—need an overhaul.

It may be that mental health problems are largely problems of civic irresponsibility, and that they will diminish as new codes of behavior are clarified in conjunction with research. Mental illness is a difficulty of integration that leads to troubled and troublesome behavior. Research indicates that a comparatively small percentage of the mentally ill suffer from organic deficiencies. The significant determiners seem to lie in conflicts early in life, or in confusion and conflict resulting from later exposure to vague or contradictory norms of conduct.

Some inner stress can be kept within tolerable limits by the administration of drugs. More enduring results often come from prolonged psychotherapy. Symptoms can frequently be dealt with by means of group programs that bring moral pressure to bear on the non-conformer and lead to the suppression of objectionable behavior. The latter results obviously depend on the clarifying of expected norms and the mobilization of positive and negative sanctions by the social environment.

EVIDENTLY the implication is that if there is effective consensus on the goals and strategies appropriate to concrete situations there would be less mental illness. It is in this sphere that an arresting challenge to the political and the social sciences is located. By exploring the possibilities of clarified civic responsibility, for instance, a contribution may be made to the prevention and treatment of mental illness. Confusion and vagueness in civic goals and strategies may prove to be a pervasive source of the conspicuous role presently played by what appears to be individual disorganization.

The social sciences also can be expected to contribute to our understanding and control of the use of coercion in human affairs. It is commonplace to say that a truly democratic community, whether the scale is national, transnational, or sub-national, operates by persuasion rather than coercion. It is equally commonplace to point out that even extreme forms of coercion, such as violence, are deeply embedded in the culture of the American or of the whole world community. Can we better identify the social environments that mobilize human beings for immediate or deferred violence, whether in the form of international war, civil war, or more limited collective acts?

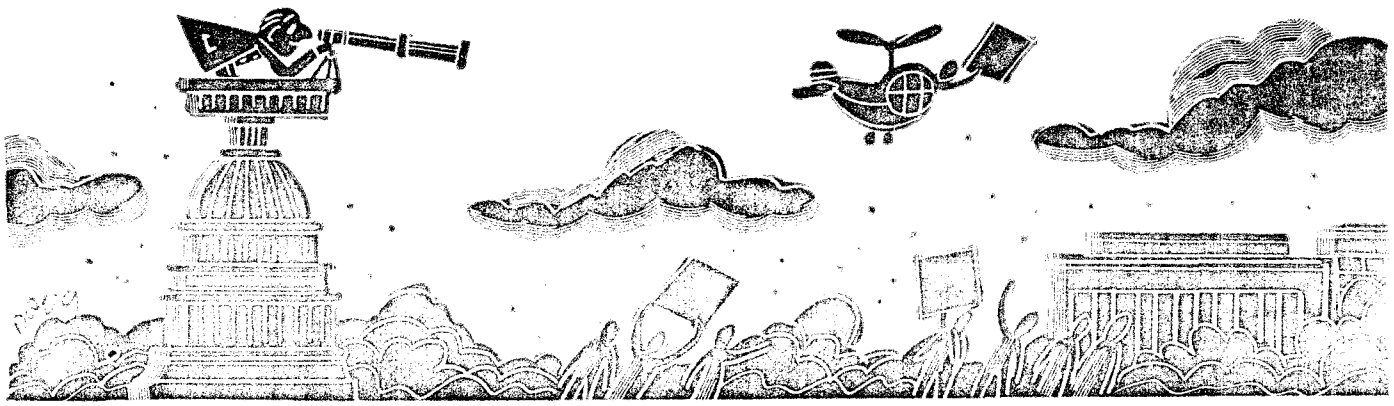
Research has already drawn attention to the large number of petty variables whose collective contribution to the tension level may discharge in destructive acts. A hopeful approach, therefore, is to improve our present primitive network of public self-observatories (in the United States and elsewhere) as a means of discovering the identity of the variables involved and of exploring the effect of introducing social practices designed to influence them.

A promising lead for research and the improvement of control is the reabsorption of the deviate among supporters of the norm that has been violated. Detailed studies show that to some extent everyone has broken the law or some other strongly supported norm of conduct. However, most individuals do not become frequent or chronic criminals or delinquents. They are successfully absorbed or reabsorbed in the social environment. Discovering the combination of petty variables whose cumulative impact produces absorption or reabsorption is well within the competence of joint research teams recruited from several disciplines.

At the transnational level in recent years we have begun to understand the specific identity of the many factors whose cumulative result keeps the institution of war alive. We are also searching for strategies that, if applied in specifiable circumstances, will weaken the institution. To mention one among many promising avenues of investigation: The use of semi-official and private channels to obtain needed changes short of war.

No informed person needs to be told any longer that the physical sciences (or a science-based technology) may be used either to enlarge or to diminish the range of human choice, hence of freedom. The provisional investigations made to date show how numerous are the petty variables that tip the balance one way or another in the vast number of situations affected. Consider, for example, the future of privacy or freedom from surveillance and interference by the data-rich organizations of big government, big business, big unions, and the like.

Does computer technology necessarily concentrate access to information in fewer hands and hence lay the foundation for control by a privileged class? Can strategies that diminish this danger



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or overcome it entirely be thought of and evaluated with the aid of research? Or, to mention another field, do the new technologies of brain control by the use of drugs, hypnosis, and neuro-surgery constitute a tool kit that heightens the power of the military, the police, or employers? Can strategies be devised and assessed with the aid of research that diminish the likelihood of abuse without losing the capability of these methods to improve the performance of individuals?

THE social sciences can provide data and explore strategies that may be employed to keep alive the channels of multiple control and diminish the strength of tendencies of drift toward a totalitarian state. We are accustomed to use some of the social sciences to provide information of relevance to the task of maintaining a non-monopolistic, relatively competitive structure of market control. However, the social sciences are much less effectively mobilized to contribute to strategies of multiple control in other sectors of the social process.

Take, for example, the problem of flexibility within operating channels of government. Under what circumstances can flexibility be achieved, without loss of other capabilities, by providing for a pattern of multiple control that includes federal departments, authorities (TVA), interstate corporations, state (metropolitan or local) agencies, or joint public-private corporations?

Or consider the pattern of multiply controlled sources of legislative information for appraising the performance of big government or private organizations. A recognized problem of the Congress or of any other legislative body is to obtain access to sources of information that provide a check on the reports of executive structures and of influential private associations. Something more is required than arrangements to hear testimony from competing sources. How can one go behind testimony to assess the inclusiveness and competence of primary data gathering and processing?

There is need of continuing or intermittent inquiries into the social trend and distribution data that provide the best bases of inference about the impact of legislation and administration on the social process. Does not the mechanism occasionally used in the past need selective expansion to include the formation of planning and appraisal staffs under the control of the legislature (directly or by contract) to aid in producing the best available foundation for final judgment?

Consider, further, the pattern of multiply controlled sources at the disposal of citizens and voters in every unit of government. Among the trends of primary relevance to government are tendencies toward effective monopoly of control over the media of public news and comment in various localities. Sometimes the control is more subtle than the concentration of radio-TV and newspapers under one ownership. Often the content of the news and editorial sections give overwhelming emphasis to the point of view of one dominant set of group attitudes. Hence the body politic is often shocked to discover that whole classes of the community feel left out of the process by which genuine decisions are made; or, regardless of feelings of this kind, these classes are suddenly confronted by critical situations (such as housing developments or war threats) for which they are poorly prepared. Research can assist in providing information about multiple or monopoly control, and about the public consequences of these changes.

In one sense all the public decisions and private choices made in the social process are institutional devices for shaping collective values and for distributing the burdens and benefits that result. Obviously, the social sciences can be more effectively encouraged to clarify the facts of burden and benefit and to appraise their consequences. The contextual, problem-oriented, multi-method approach can be made more adequate, for example, to study the effect of increasing or decreasing the tax burden (or tax-obtained benefits) for old and young, urban and rural, and others.

The computer puts in our hands an instrument for more than input-output analysis of resource items in the economy. It permits parallel studies to be made of every group to summarize information on political influence, on deprivations (or indulgences) in terms of health and safety, on education, on deprivations (or indulgences) of respect, and so on through the several sectors of society. It is not necessary to suppose that the simulation of past events and contingent futures will provide an utterly exhaustive picture. It is enough if they provide a more explicit picture of each situation than we have had in the past, so that issues can be more realistically narrowed to truly qualitative judgments.

The time is propitious for the systematic cultivation of a decision seminar technique by means of which scientific inquiry is continuously influenced. The seminar provides exposure to disciplined images of past, present, and future events, as those all relate to postulated goals and strategies of immediate, middle-range, and long-range action. There is nothing novel about the specific details of such seminars. The integrated use of these detailed methods, however, is at once unique and belated.

The essential idea is parallel to the "war room" used by commanding officers, general staffs, and commanders in chief in the attempt to keep abreast of events. Social scientists, fortunately, work under less pressure for immediate decision. But if they are realistic and alert, they understand that they are operating in a context that includes the immediate, intermediate, and remote future as well as recent and remote past events. Theories of explanation are typically inferred from past events. They are improved by better information concerning genuinely significant factors and the routines of interdependence.

For instance, it is not enough to know that prices vary as a function of the quantity of circulating media available for use in transactions. Knowledge is needed of the institutional routines that influence the available quantity (such as the willingness of kinsmen and friends to extend credit). And willingness varies as a function of many complex factors which can be better understood if definite hypotheses are entertained about likely change in future years.

To improve our stock of knowledge, the members of a decision seminar can

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prepare to describe future events more comprehensively than has been done in the past. Plans can also be made to improve historical knowledge, and perhaps to introduce limited policy innovations intended to affect the magnitude of relevant expectations. Decision seminars can be organized, for example, to explore "Illinois in 1990," or "the Middle West," "the United States," "the Atlantic region," or "Latin America," or the world. Seminars likewise can be set up to parallel the principal decision bodies of government (courts, commissions, legislatures) or of unofficial organizations (professional associations, associations of employers and employees, other party and pressure associations).

I have dealt at some length with this seminar idea in order to indicate how the development of social science can be positively influenced by a truly contextual method of operation. Up to now, the spread of seminars of this kind has been retarded by remnants of the tradition of non-contextuality whose dead hand continues to handicap the cultivation of scientific knowledge of the social process.

The purposes of science and policy can be further advanced by the establishment of social planetaria at strategic centers. The decision seminar, which is expressly intended to serve the needs of scientific inquiry, can be adapted to the complementary task of sharing a scientific point of view, and the changing results of science, with the general public. I speak of this adaptation as a social planetarium in analogy to the institution developed a few decades ago to popularize astronomy.

The idea of a social planetarium is to provide a set of permanent exhibits that show the past, present, and potential future of man. As a means of reducing the popular misconception that scientific findings are permanent and immutable rather than open to correction and growth, the exhibits would present alternative interpretations.

Comprehensive plans for the political, economic, and social growth of the town, city, state, nation, and world can be brought to the attention of those who visit local planetaria at the capital centers of every unit of government. By emphasizing the interplay between local and more contextual factors, it will be possible to share with everyone an image of past, present, and future that is subject to continuing revision as knowledge expands. In this way a basis will be laid for overcoming the ignorance, indifference, and deep incompatibility of viewpoints within the body politic.

It should not be assumed that the social planetarium idea is without implications for the direct pursuit of knowledge. Almost any effort at responsible popularization carries with it many challenges to research. Specialists find it necessary to clarify definitions, to confess ignorance, and to entertain novel hypotheses. Thus the social planetaria would be fed continuously by the social observatories.

It is perhaps appropriate to emphasize the point that while the social sciences will continue to contribute important data and analyses to questions of public policy, the implication is not that these contributions are or will properly be directed mainly to the production of immediate and circumscribed policy results. On the contrary, the free-wheeling imagination of able specialists will discern and anticipate the emergence of evolutionary changes in society that may not raise acute policy issues for a very long time. (Think of some of the "far-out" possibilities connected with exploration of extra-terrestrial space.) Yet the theoretical knowledge obtained by research in depth, especially by the invention and testing of new techniques, will provide a continuing if indirect contribution to the entire stock of social capital in the form of knowledge for the use of man in society.

As matters stand today, the responsible public official or private citizen who tries to obtain a sound body of data and analysis that will enable him to arrive at a well-grounded judgment of the effect of past policy on social process is relatively badly off. He is handicapped by failure to mobilize the talent and the methods required to improve progressively our appraisal of the consequences of the political and legal system for our values and institutions. We interfere with the lives of millions of human beings, at home and abroad, without demanding of ourselves that we use and improve the personnel and the methods by which these interventions can be less capricious in their consequences.

This eleventh contribution to the "What has science to offer beyond Vietnam?" debate (inaugurated in SR/*Research last month) puts into broader perspective a proposal advanced several years ago by Professor Robert C. Wood, then chairman of the political science section, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now second in command of President Lyndon B. Johnson's new Cabinet Department of Housing and Urban Development. Professor Wood's original concept called for observatories of urban problems. An eight-city conference built around that concept was held in the midwest in 1965. Professor Lasswell argued the larger view in recent testimony at public hearings held by the United States Senate Subcommittee on Government Research, and the text above is drawn from that argument.*

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Hero Worship

Mr. Richard Murrow should be State Department Science Director. The "robot shadoof" [*SR*, June 3] is a brilliant idea. It's brilliance doesn't surprise me, however. As a young boy I spent hours at the Murrow home, watching Mr. Murrow earnestly pursuing a vast array of projects. The ones I remember include composing classical music for piano, breeding sea horses and strange tropical fish, nurturing rare orchids, and knocking a wall down to install a new pipe organ. Of course to a young boy Mr. Murrow's brilliance was less important than his kindness, humility, and wonderful sense of fun.

Richard P. Duane
Washington, D. C.

Comets and Tektites

Your article in the May 6 issue ["Were Comets the Midwives at the Birth of Man?"] fascinated me, perhaps because of my lack of scientific training beyond the high school level. However, the article disturbed me in certain ways also, perhaps because of my training in logic, philosophy, and theology.

The article begins as if we were going to be led into a massive, scientific rebuttal of the role of deity in the natural universe, when, in fact, we are apprized of the hypothesis concerning the interrelationships between cometary explosions, the collapse of magnetic fields, and genetic consequences. The article ends with a vulgarization of Heezen's hypothesis: "Comets may have been the midwives at the birth of the human species." Apparently the well apprized reader is being given the option to conclude that deity can be expunged, if not from the natural order, at least from a role in the birth of man. The logic seems to be that the deity has no control over comets, although this assumption is not treated in the article.

Furthermore, the mention of "supernatural intervention" at the beginning of the article reveals a concept of the deity which is a caricature, a straw man. Contemporary philosophers and theologians gave up the god-of-the-gaps a long time ago, a fact which many scientists who think of themselves as amateur theologians or philosophers have yet to do.

By the way, you may be interested in recalling one of the stories of the creation of man which is recorded in the *Book of Genesis* 2:7—"Then the Lord God formed man of *dust* from the ground." Could it be that the glassy debris of an exploding comet was used?

Richard Schiemann,
Assistant Professor,
Department of Philosophy
and Religion,
Catawba College.
Salisbury, N.C.

I wonder whether the very widespread fear of comets and similar celestial phenomena as harbingers of disaster may not have a basis in reality in a folk memory of that "storm of glass hailstones" with which primi-

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tive man "may have been physically scourged." If the "glass hailstorm" was of the geographical extent indicated by your map, and was coupled with what must have been an enormous explosion of a celestial object, it must have influenced enough primitive minds strongly enough to have persisted as an (to us) irrational fear to the present day.

HARRY PHILIP EDWARDS.
Boston, Mass.

YOUR EXCELLENT ARTICLE on comets has one rather important misrepresentation.

On page 58 you explain: "During these reversals, the Van Allen radiation belts spilled their cargo of radiation and sped up mutation of the primitive life forms then existing. Sudden bursts of solar radiation would have been as effective for this purpose as X-rays have been in the famous heredity studies of fruit flies."

Now, in themselves, these statements are certainly true. The misleading aspect is in the interpretation you leave for the reader. These statements seem to imply that a faster mutation rate increases evolutionary change directly. In truth, mutations in fruit flies are invariably detrimental.

What seems more important is the elimination of species. With the elimination of organisms in a large number of habitats, the survivors will eventually be able to reinvade these habitats. Keeping in mind that this reinvasion will be by organisms with a different genetic background than that of their predecessors, the evolutionary rate of these surviving species will increase. (By evolutionary rate, I refer to the rate at which new species are formed.) With new habitats to explore, natural selection will produce adaptations utilizing the genetic potential (mutations) of nonirradiated forms.

ROBERT B. CHIASSON,
Department of Zoology,
University of Arizona.
Tucson, Ariz.

APROPOS comets and the birth of man: When evolution is discussed in the popular press it is generally thought of in terms of "progress" (?) as, for example, from apes to man, in terms of an increase in forms of higher complexity. There can be no doubt that a massive dose of radiation would disturb the biological balance and change the nature of surviving terrestrial living forms (generally the more complicated forms, which are usually fewest, would suffer most), resulting in a drastic change in the dominant forms existent *after* the radiation. The certain result could be a change in the *direction* of evolution, but the direction would probably not be considered to be "progressive."

CARL C. LINDEGREN,
Professor Emeritus,
Biological Research Lab,
Southern Illinois University.
Carbondale, Ill.

THE ARTICLE "Were Comets the Midwives at the Birth of Man?"—although generally interesting if not somewhat chauvinistically self-congratulatory—is a good example of the irresponsible popularization of science for the layman where theory is not supported by facts and where the existing data do not permit such flights of fancy as those expressed in the article published by *SR*.

The so-called "dyings out" and "springings up" (extinctions and appearances would have been more appropriate) and the two different magnetic reversals closely associated with two different mutations is a gross oversimplification. They simply do not occur in the manner outlined in the article. The group of organisms used in the Lamont studies are the Radiolaria (planktonic protozoans with shells of silica). There are numerous forms belonging to this group, yet only a few forms show "extinction" patterns in connection with the magnetic reversals discussed in the article. Some of the "extinctions" are, indeed, merely local extinctions, as some forms reappear today in the seas somewhat displaced geographically, but nevertheless genetically viable. Phylogenetic relationships within this group of organisms are not yet very well understood and the forms are by no means abundant in all levels in a given deep sea core. In fact the Radiolaria are rather restricted in their distribution, being found chiefly in high latitudes in water depths in excess of 5,000 meters.

Several of us at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution are currently working on a similar program to that described in the article. We have been examining sediments made of calcium carbonate (primarily formed from the shells of pelagic protozoans known as Foraminifera) in deep sea cores from the North Atlantic Ocean. We have been interested in determining in deep sea cores the Pliocene/Pleistocene boundary in terms of criteria which can be related to the stratotype locality (the reference standard of the Calabrian Stage) in southern Italy where this boundary has been defined. The most reliable criteria for determining time-stratigraphic boundaries in marine sediments are unequivocal morphologic changes in a phylogenetic sequence leading from an ancestral species to a descendant one. Several criteria have been established using changes in the planktonic Foraminifera. One interesting result of our work is a tentative correlation of this boundary with the Olduvai Normal Event of 1,800,000 years ago mentioned in your article.

The general evolutionary picture which the planktonic Foraminifera present through the past several million years (and across the various paleomagnetic reversal boundaries) is one of gradual morphologic change and modification. Species become extinct at various horizons, generally being replaced by descendant forms. No major extinction patterns can be observed within this group during the Pleistocene.

This is not to deny that the probable incidence of increased cosmic radiation during periods of magnetic reversal may have had a long-range effect on planktonic organisms (although one would expect that the effect would be greater upon terrestrial forms of life), thus effecting change and, ultimately, evolution. However, no marked changes in the overall population structure of the planktonic Foraminifera and Radiolaria are noticeable during

"I'm proud of your success, Robert, but we had more fun when our nest egg was smaller."

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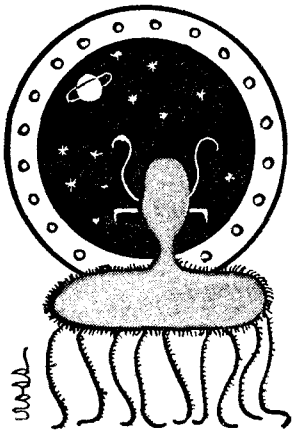
the past 2,000,000 years, a factor which has, in fact, rendered biostratigraphic zonation and subdivision of the marine sedimentary record difficult over this period of time. Furthermore, most geneticists would probably raise a skeptical eyebrow at the inferences suggested by the Lamont group in regard to the relationship between cosmic radiation and mutation rates.



We come now to exploding comets, tektites, and reversals of the earth's magnetic field. It is suggested in the article that exploding comets have caused reversals in the earth's magnetic field. This idea borders on sheer speculation. Nearly all workers in the field of geomagnetism believe that the external field of the earth is due to convective motions in the earth's core. The polarity is considered to result from patterns of turbulent flow caused by the irregular nature of the core-mantle boundary. How such a comparatively low energy effect as a comet impact on the earth's surface (apparently it did not even survive ablation in the atmosphere) could change the pattern of convective flow in the core 2,900 kilometers below is not clear. However, this is not to say that it is impossible. But to cite the coincidence of a single tektite fall with a single magnetic reversal—out of the ten reversals known during the last 4,000,000 years—as a cause-effect relationship is not reasonable. This is all the more peculiar since the tektites which fell 1,500,000 years ago do not appear to correlate with any known reversal.

In our opinion much additional work will be necessary on the stratigraphic range and geographic distribution patterns of planktonic organisms and on reversals in the earth's magnetic field before we can express an opinion concerning the relationship between the two.

W. A. Berggren,
J. D. Phillips,
Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.
Woods Hole, Mass.

Editor's note: *In its eleven years of existence,* SR's *Science and Humanity Supplement has never discussed any scientific discovery or theory that had not already been dignified by oral presentment at a meeting of an established scientific society or by publication in a respected scientific journal. Lamont Geological Observatory Professor Bruce Heezen's postulates relating tektites to cometary collisions, cometary collisions to reversals in earth's magnetic field, and magnetic reversals to extinction of marine life forms were presented orally at a meeting of the American Geophysical Union and in writing in the British scientific journal "Nature." Professor Heezen has complimented* SR *on the fidelity of its interpretation of his work and ideas. The fact that the writers of the above letter do not accept findings or procedures that many other scientists accept is only a sign that healthy competition still is normal to oceanographic research.*

Part of Professor Heezen's argument has been strengthened by research papers published since SR's *report appeared. One of these, signed by N. D. Watkins and H. G. Goodell, Florida State University geologists, in "Science," journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, confirms a close relationship between dying out of southern ocean faunal species and reversals in earth's magnetic field. This paper states that no known variables other than the reversals—for example, rate of deposition of sediments on the ocean bottom, which could be due to rafting of ice from Antarctica as a consequence of climatic change—offer a satisfactory statistical explanation for the changes in life forms coincidental with the reversals.*

Some ten years ago I suggested that tektites were produced by a comet head collision with the earth. I believe that the idea was correct then, it has been correct in the years between, and it is still correct today.

Many people have talked about tektites coming from the moon. About 1956, I was invited to give a lecture to the American Physical Society in Chicago and I was going to talk on tektites from the moon. After studying the subject for two weeks, I found two serious difficulties. Whereas materials similar to tektites are rather commonplace (though not universal) on the surface of the earth, it was difficult to imagine processes that would produce these things on the surface of the moon. Secondly, it was exceedingly difficult to believe that some blunderbuss operation, such as a collision on the surface of the moon, would throw materials in such a way as to hit only limited spots on the earth. I therefore gave the lecture on another subject and published a brief paper expounding my thoughts on tektites in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.*

At no time, however, did I suppose that the materials of the tektites came from the comet head [as SR's report of May 6 wrongly implied]. I had supposed instead that the comet's collision with the earth melted terrestrial materials and scattered them over great distances. I still think this is the case.

Professor S. R. Taylor of Canberra [Australia] has published some twenty papers in the last eight years on the analysis of tektites and terrestrial materials that might bear on the subject. He has shown that tektites have the composition of subgreywacke rocks with respect to some forty or fifty chemical elements. There are slight differences—for example, calcium and strontium differ somewhat—but this probably means that the particular sample of subgreywacke had some limestone in it which increased the calcium and strontium. There were also slight differences in certain elements that go with iron sulfide, probably attributable to a similar variation. There is no question but what tektites are very similar to a particular variety of terrestrial sandstone which, according to Taylor, makes up about 10 per cent of all the sedimentary rocks of the earth. Taylor has also shown that the Darwin Glass, a very high silica material of Tasmania, is similar to other terrestrial rocks.

Of course your discussion of this has to do with another idea: namely, that the comet head collision was responsible for the reversal of the magnetic field. I am skeptical about any such interpretation. After all, a comet head is still rather small as compared with the earth, and since the magnetic field is associated, I suppose, with the core of the earth as has been argued, it seems to me doubtful if this very small prick on the surface of the earth could possibly be responsible for a shift in the magnetic field.

It seems to me that we should try to get some experts in magnetic phenomena to review this question in regard to a collisional process changing the magnetic field of the earth.

I am also skeptical as to whether cosmic-ray bombardment could have been responsible for the birth of the human race, but I am not a specialist in this field. It seems to me more likely that comet head collisions have been responsible for the termination of some geological periods on the earth. For example, if Halley's Comet has a mass of 10^{19} grams [that is, 10 raised to the nineteenth power, or 10 followed by eighteen zeros—the first power being 10 itself] and should hit the earth with a velocity of 40 kilometers per second [kilometer: five-eighths of a mile], the energy expended would be about 10^{32} ergs.

If all this energy were expended in the atmosphere of the earth, the temperature would rise 2,000 degrees. Or if the energy were used to vaporize water, some 5,000,000 cubic kilometers, or some 5×10^6 tons, of water would be evaporated. This is equivalent to 10 meters of water over the entire surface of the earth.

Even if a considerable part of this energy should escape into space, it would still be expected to change the climate of the earth for an appreciable time and would probably destroy most life forms over a considerable area and would probably result in the complete destruction of various forms of life over the entire earth. Possibly the destruction of the dinosaurs at the end of the Cretaceous [about 70,000,000 years ago] was produced by such an event.

The purpose of this letter, however, is merely to say again that I have supposed that the tektites, the Darwin Glass, the Libyan Desert Glass—all of these examples of high temperature glasses—were produced by the melting effect of comet head collision on the earth, and that the material of these glasses is of terrestrial origin.

In the April 22 issue of *Nature,* Bruce Heezen and Billy Glass reported the presence of tektites on the floor of the Indian Ocean and estimated the total weight of this material at 150 million tons. This is 1/66,000 of the 10^{19} gram mass we assumed to be the mass of Halley's Comet. S. C. Lin has shown that a comet head of 5×10^{17} grams would very probably remove a substantial amount of atmosphere from the earth and make possible the distribu-

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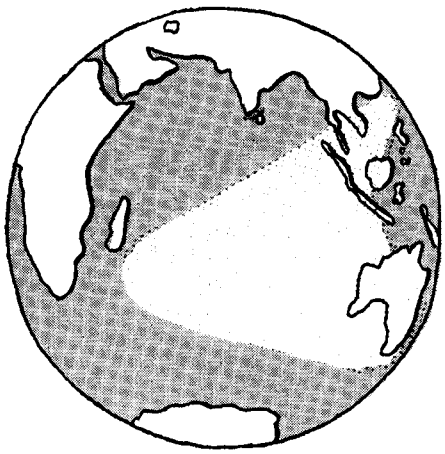
OTHER SCIENTISTS (NOT, HOWEVER, PROFESSOR UREY) think Mongolia (globe above, left) or Antarctica (globe below) was site of the collision.



GREAT STORM OF GLASS HAILSTONES 700,000 years ago struck vast area shaded in color on small globe sketched immediately above, according to new theory described in *SR*'s May 6 issue. Nobel laureate Harold Urey believes glass globules were vaporized earth torn from planet by comet collision and thrown at least 1,000 miles into space and down again 5,000 miles or more from collision site, as suggested on two larger globes.

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tion of material of the tektite variety over a large area. It is probable that the tektites, in being transferred perhaps some 10,000 kilometers from Asia or Africa or some other place, would have traveled at least thousands of kilometers above the surface of the earth in order to be transferred maximum distances.

It is of course a puzzle as to where the crater that would be produced by such a large event is located. Craters, however, have been identified with other tektite areas of the earth in western Africa and in Europe. The absence of any crater for the southeastern Asia-Australia-Indian Ocean tektites is a very great puzzle. Various suggestions have been made, though none seems very satisfactory.

HAROLD C. UREY,
Department of Chemistry,
Revelle College,
University of California, San Diego.
La Jolla, California.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor welcomes Nobel laureate Urey's suggestion that specialists in magnetism put their talents to work on the question of what qualities and quantities of force would be capable of reversing earth's magnetic field. In a recent study published in "Science," Raymond Hide, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Department of Geology and Geophysics and Department of Physics, pointed out that "only minor variations" in the motion of the liquid core of the planet "are required to reverse the sign of the dipole field." Hence, Hide wrote, "it would not be surprising to find that 'reversals' are correlated to some extent with other phenomena that may be affected by motions in the mantle [the layer that separates earth's core from earth's crust], such as tectonic activity (mountain building, ocean-floor spreading, continental drift, and so forth) and the movement of the earth's poles of rotation relative to the earth's surface ('polar wandering'). The search for such correlation might, therefore, lead to results of direct theoretical importance."*

Lamont Geological Observatory Professor Heezen declines to dispute Professor Urey's thesis that tektites are terrestrial in origin because to Heezen the fact of the comet collision is more important than the details of the collision process; nevertheless, Heezen's original proposition, as outlined in SR *and in the British journal "Nature," favored the notion that the Indian Ocean tektites are fragments of the exploding head of the comet itself.*

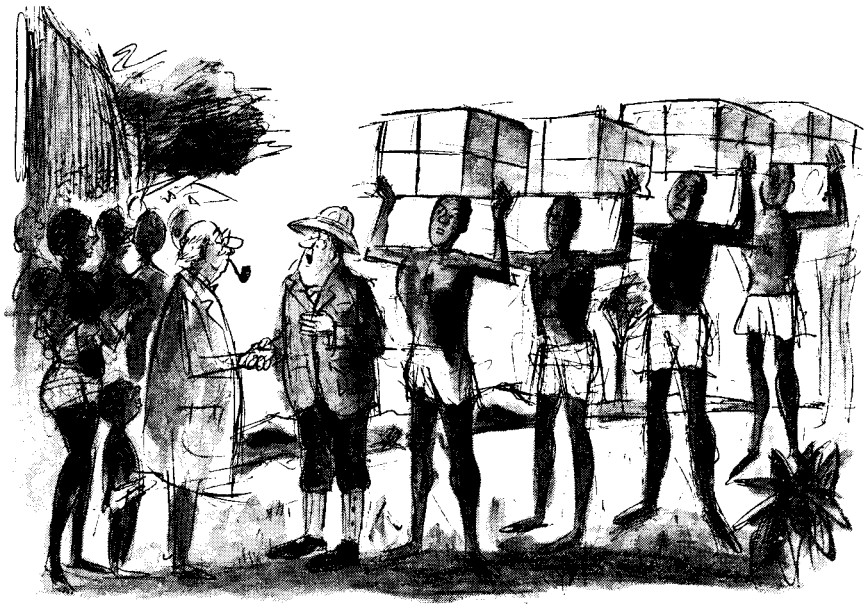
A more recent paper published in "Science" by H. H. Nininger, of Meteorite Investigations at Sedona, Arizona, and Glenn I. Hiss, of the American Meteorite Laboratory at Denver, Colorado, summarized analysis of 50,000 tektites collected in South Vietnam during an eight-year period. Among the 50,000 were some tektites that show evidence of having been bent after the sculpturing of their surfaces was essentially completed. "The internal plasticity of these tektites this late in flight," the authors of the paper declared, "is explained by the conclusion that the tektites did not arrive at the earth's atmosphere as a swarm but were spawned by a larger, semisatellite body rotating rapidly within the confines of the atmosphere. . . ."

Beautiful Boo-hoo

JOHN LEAR's use of language is sometimes puzzling. I remember, in particular, the time [*SR*, Feb. 4, p. 65] he referred to "the one percentile of American professional nurses who are male." I am confident that one with an impressive title like science editor would not say "percentile" when he meant "per cent"; so I am still meditating on the 100 sexes of American nurses.

And, now [*SR*, May 6, p. 61], Mr. Lear has tektites falling to the surface of the planet in "discreet" patches. However, on second thought, maybe that's all right. There's something beautiful in the image of tektites falling discreetly to earth, like drunken—but decorous—gentlemen in top hats, perhaps? That is the stuff of poetry—and better than the strained stuff that your poetry editor usually selects. A suggestion: Let Mr. Lear trade places with Mr. Ciardi.

J. E. SHEPARD.
Winton, Calif.



"Doctor Livingstone I presume? I have this pain."

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 44; terns, stern rents.

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Editorial

Continued from page 20

nuclear testing, so they invested their energies in assuring the American people that the national security could brook no obstacles in research for chemical and bacteriological warfare.

It is said that the very existence of these weapons is the best assurance they will not be used. The clear evidence of history is that the existence of something, especially in the field of weaponry, is in fact the best assurance of its use. When enough arms had been poured into the Middle East, the stage was set not for mutual security but for eruption. The build-up of large stockpiles of disease germs designed to overcome any medicines or vaccines, or poisonous sprays designed to make the act of breathing an act of anguish, or nerve gases designed to make the smallest droplet on the human skin produce heart arrest—this buildup in itself tends to vaporize any doubts that the stockpiles will be put to work. The same reasoning that leads a nation to engage in such efforts out of fear that possible enemies are already engaged will lead to the reasoning that the weapons must be used before the enemy uses them.

Man lives precariously even under the most favorable circumstances. The irrationals and impracticables exist in substantial combination even without the hazards that a nation, with its vast summoning power, can bring to bear. Once the issue of national security is involved, the nation becomes immune to moral judgments or to the exercise of that kind of intelligence which alone can sustain meaningful existence for the nation and its people.

The fact that we are out of moral balance is in itself a profound threat to the nation. We condemn the ready availability of small firearms to citizens, seeing the evidence of a direct connection between such availability and the outbreak of individual and mass violence. But we see no connection between the ready availability to nations of limitless supplies of disease-producing weapons or holocaust-making explosives and the outbreak of international violence. A double moral standard saturates not just our own country but the generality of nations.

The need is for re-sensitization, for fresh awareness and revitalization of the spiritual faculty, for leadership based on restraint and the restoration of a vital balance in human affairs. The pursuit of security—not just for ourselves but for the human community of which we are a part—can only profit from such new turnings. This is how human freedom can most usefully be engaged and most effectively be preserved. —N.C.

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(Continued from page 57)

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

(Continued from page 59)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1739

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Skilful; artistic; ingenious.	168 183 188 126 25 94
B. Plumpness of person (borrowed from the French).	109 89 123 140 34 42 78 175 73 18
C. Unobserved (2 wds.)	149 98 161 55 122 187 152
D. How many English dinners end (3 wds.)	7 189 44 17 119 137 179 57
E. What the prudent red-haired person wears in strong sunlight (2 wds.)	131 116 113 101 32 178 5 136
F. Chicago's nickname (2 wds.)	96 128 87 63 27 76 148 11 118
G. Amer. educator and author of textbooks (1844-1935).	143 83 20 33 153
H. Human appurtenance forbidden to let its mate "know" its generous deeds (2 wds.; *Bible*).	3 81 146 12 156 112 151 173 53
I. Seaside resort town, near Wright Brothers Nat'l Memorial, N. C. (2 wds.)	82 88 174 190 157 91 134 47
J. Cape Cod town not far from Provincetown; as 2 wds., part of Greater London.	95 166 159 177 99 74 22
K. Little strings which hang in rows across a sail (2 wds.)	181 65 21 102 93 69 172 167 184 56
L. Home of one of the unhappiest brides of opera.	182 145 15 68 54 58 150 154 92 121
M. Temporarily inactive.	9 170 35 14 147 110 45
N. A top female movie star of the Twenties, even into the Forties.	19 162 13 100 36 46 142
O. To sink in the sea all the medicines of his day would be all this "for the fishes" (O. W. Holmes, Sr.; 2 wds.)	111 97 185 28 24 40 132 64
P. Stacked packs of playing cards (2 wds.)	51 103 75 125 80 85 8 61 30
Q. Delightful word for a piece of music for a double quartet of instruments or voices.	163 31 186 41 37 114 106
R. Occasional periods of festivity from dusk to dawn (2 wds.)	26 84 105 38 133 10 72 16 139
S. Rich in flavor; as slang, easy and enjoyable.	155 6 164 71 107 144
T. Specific equipment of the superior maxillary (2 wds.)	49 66 90 160 104 23 120 39 70 127
U. Least costly.	60 77 67 2 141 158 169 130
V. Fine pianist and conductor, born in Valencia, resident in U.S. (contemporary).	180 108 59 79 1 52
W. Remote from ordinary modes of thought.	62 4 165 86 135 124 48 117
X. Most in want of necessities.	176 29 43 138 50 171 129 115

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes— one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

■	■	■	1 V	2 U	3 H	4 W	5 E	6 S	7 D	8 P	■	9 M	10 R	■	11 F	12 H	13 N
14 M	■	15 L	16 R	17 D	18 B	■	19 N	20 G	21 K	22 J	■	23 T	24 O	■	25 A	26 R	27 F
■	28 O	29 X	30 P	31 Q	32 E	33 G	34 B	35 M	36 N	■	37 Q	38 R	39 T	■	40 O	41 Q	42 B
43 X	44 D	45 M	46 N	47 I	■	48 W	49 T	50 X	51 P	52 V	53 H	54 L	55 C	■	56 K	57 D	58 L
59 V	60 U	61 P	■	62 W	■	63 F	64 O	65 K	66 T	■	67 U	68 L	69 K	70 T	71 S	72 R	73 B
74 J	75 P	■	76 F	77 U	78 B	79 V	80 P	■	81 H	82 I	■	83 G	84 R	85 P	86 W	87 F	88 I
89 B	■	90 T	91 I	92 L	93 K	94 A	95 J	■	96 F	97 O	98 C	■	99 J	100 N	101 E	■	102 K
103 P	104 T	105 R	106 Q	107 S	108 V	109 B	110 M	■	111 O	112 H	113 E	114 Q	■	115 X	116 E	117 W	118 F
■	119 D	120 T	121 L	122 C	■	123 B	124 W	125 P	126 A	127 T	128 F	129 X	130 U	131 E	■	132 O	133 R
134 I	135 W	136 E	137 D	138 X	■	139 R	140 B	■	141 U	142 N	143 G	144 S	■	145 L	146 H	147 M	148 F
149 C	■	150 L	151 H	152 C	153 G	■	154 L	155 S	■	156 H	157 I	158 U	159 J	160 T	■	161 C	162 N
163 Q	164 S	165 W	166 J	167 K	168 A	169 U	■	170 M	171 X	172 K	173 H	174 I	■	175 B	176 X	■	177 J
178 E	179 D	180 V	181 K	■	182 L	183 A	184 K	185 O	■	186 Q	187 C	188 A	189 D	190 I	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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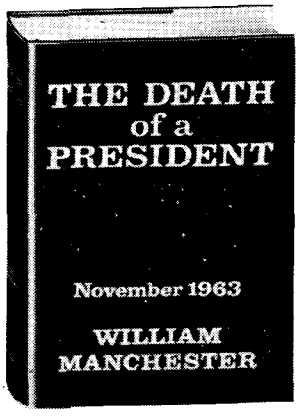

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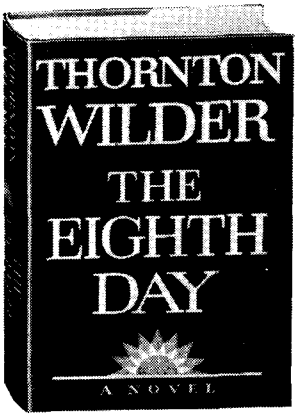

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